

(See article p. 4.)

A Coin's Lament.

By ADJUT. C. A. PERRY.

"We all have our troubles," said the speaker. Yes, life is full of trouble. If it is not one thing it is another. My greatest sorrow is because I am looked down upon by my relatives. I belong to what is known the world over as the celebrated money family. I am recognized in Canada as the least of that great family. In some countries I am held in higher esteem than other of my relatives, but not so in the Land of the Maple. When I am alone at times I think myself of some importance, but when I'm joined by other relatives, and recognize their value to the world, I feel badly, and my self-complacent thoughts vanish. However, I know I am of some use. I was created for a purpose. This fact is fully recognized by me at times, but I suppose, like others, I have my dark days and dark thoughts. Yet there are some bright spots in my life. One thing, I am privileged to travel, and this, as a usual thing, I much enjoy. Sometimes I travel with the ladies, softly nestled in a warm, cosy, soft-lined receptacle, and not exposed to

The Cold of a Canadian Winter.

Sometimes I am rudely thrust in my travels, in a gentleman's pocket, for I am very small and easily carried. Yes, I like the change of going about. True, I haven't the power to make myself attractive; my personal appearance never attracts now. When I first started out in life I presented a good appearance, and was the admiration of all who looked upon me, but my beauty soon faded. It is now only my worth that causes people to appreciate me at all.

Soon after I came into being I began to travel; or, as my friends like to put it, I began to be circulated. I was born in what people call a mint, and began this roving life at such an early date that my little ebullience now seems to be very much against my nature. Our natures, as they mature, seem to imbibed the spirit of our surroundings. I, therefore, have imbibed a rushing nature, and that is why any check on it is so extremely chafing.

You will think by my story I am a grumbler, but I cannot see it that way. I suppose it is hard to see one's own faults. It might be best, before going any further, to state just who I am. My name is Mr. One Cent-Piece. My surname of Cent-Piece is universally known, or about so. I am

Larger Than Some of My Family, but Not so Valuable.

Two sisters I have, Miss Five Cent-Pieces and Miss Ten Cent-Pieces, but they often twit me with the existing remark that I am not nearly as much appreciated and sought after by the world as they are. It is a great lament to me that I am not, but then I cannot change myself. Though I am not much for quoting Scripture, there is a verse that reads thus: "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" It is spoken, I know, by my master, in the human family, but I prove it quite true in the One-Cent family. I cannot change my stature in the least. Then there is a verse in the Bible which speaks of not being able to make one hair white or black. It refers, of course, to the human family, yet I often wish I had the power to make myself, if not white, of a greyish tint, and give myself a different name. I have a brother, a Mr. Twenty-Five Cent-Piece. He has often said to me as we have jingled together in some gentleman's pocket, "If you were only of a grey shade, like me, you would be as much valued as myself." He forgets it is not the color, but the weight, that counts. He has often said to me, "Strange as it seems, our mimes are always stamped on. I am about as large as my brother Twenty-Five, which makes me feel my under-value all the more acute. Ah, me! haven't I often felt taken down. In the darkness of a gentleman's pocket I have been taken for my brother, but when having revealed the mistake, I have been rudely thrust back, and in some back heard some unmentionable words too. I might fill up a whole Cry with incidents of lament, but I fear the Editor's scissors, and must be brief.

I want, however, to tell War Cry readers of a little experience through which I passed the other day. I came into a man's possession—a man who holds the title of Financial Special. I felt pleased when he got me, for I knew I would not be trailed off for something worthless. My master had made a rule, he told me, not to exchange money for evil purposes, but to value even the least of our family in the right way. I, therefore, felt I would be respected at least. I must confess I had great wonderings as to what he would do with me. He did not keep me long in his possession, however. Strange as it may appear though deep down in my master's pocket I rested, I could hear distinctly all he said. I heard him say, "Well, now, I must not forget to put up that G. B. M. charity box in the new music store on Queen Street East." Soon I found myself on the move, and upon enquiry learned that my master had started off for that locality. I could feel myself going through the air at a rapid rate, as my master walks sharp as a usual thing, and soon we reached the spot. My master chose the place of location for the box, got out some crows and put it up. I could tell all that was going on, I heard music on the piano as a young lady purchaser tried over a song sheet. "My, my!" said I to myself, "If I am ever going to settle down anywhere I would like to abide here. I had scarcely uttered the words in an underbreath when I heard my master say to himself, 'I will just put Mr. One Cent-Piece in the box for a start off, and let him stay there for a while.'"

Then in the next breath I heard him say, to my pleasure, "Well, I guess I will put a brother of his in for company." This remark, put into action seemed like a pancea, for what, to my mind, would have been an act of cruelty, had he put me in alone. Yes, we both went in, without respect to our feelings, right in full view of the customers. "How long have we got to stay here?" said I to my brother,

but I received no reply. He was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to answer. At last, however, he spoke up. "Say, brother, this is a consensuous place we have got into, and must stay. We were despised enough before, when out of sight, but we will be looked down upon with disgust by some more than ever now, I fear. Some will speak in sympathetic tones to the two poor lonehens, Cent brothers jailed in there, but some will sneer and say we are not of much value and hardly worth the dropping in." "Yes, yes," said I, brightening up, "there are different ways of looking at these things. Perhaps some charitably-disposed person, passing by, will put some more of our family in to keep us company. Let us be patient and await events. We have one thing to be thankful for, our prison house has glass sides, and we can see all that is going on. Perchance we may be a good example, if not of extreme generosity, yet of one man's desire to include others to give to a good work. We will try and be content, therefore, with our lot. You know two cents, as I have heard it said, will make a cent-sation. Yes, we will patiently await the results of our mission in this glass-bordered home. I have lamented my fate enough in this life, but it does no good. If we can be a good example while here, by inducing people to put in others of our family, we have done a good work. We will hope on and smile at the public, as much as to say, 'Give us lots of company.' Perhaps my master may, in some future Cry, tell the public what success our mission had at the quarter's end."

We are the smallest value of the Cent-Piece family, and, therefore, in the children's possession often. If we can but touch their hearts with sympathy for the poor and fallen, we have accomplished much. I have done lamenting now my fate, and feel I am of some good use at last. May the Social Work prosper be the best wish of a One Cent-Piece.

Why You Should Be a Candidate

FOR OFFICERSHIP IN THE SALVATION ARMY.

By MAJOR J. N. PARKER.

If you are healthy and saved, of ordinary ability and a proper age, the following reasons apply to you: 1. God has created you, and given you talents for a purpose. If you do not accomplish that purpose, your work will be undone. Some can do what no one else can, and yours as well, for they only have talents and talent for their own. Here is your opportunity. As Jesus' cross was the way to the world's salvation, so your cross is the way to the world you are influencing, and for which God is calling you to die. Considered officers and angels expect you to act. You are responsible. What will you answer to your conscience and the Christ of Calvary?

2. The Salvation Army is the best place for you to save yourself, your friends and others. No better opportunities are offered, elsewhere, to either men or women. There is no greater field. Its mission is to the unchurched, a very large majority of the population in all civilized countries, and to the heathen. In these is the Nineveh to which God has called them to preach, and you to help. Compared with this important work, every other is insignificant. If you are not seeking reputation, position or glory, but the salvation of souls, here is the place for you.

An open door is now presented to you. If you do not enter, God will close it against you; but before He does He will seek to lead you to obedience; and if He must leave, it will be reluctantly, and then the door will be closed; and you will be shut out forever from one of the greatest opportunities ever offered to man. When shut, no amount of effort or repentance can reopen this door. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance," Rom. xi, 29.

3. You are saved, with health and vigor in your favor, while others, who would gladly go, are hindered by something that makes it impossible. What a host of the sick, suffering and aged, of the lost in hell, of the agonized and blood-washed in heaven, would gladly take your chance. There is a

Heaven to win, a hell to shun; a resurrection, a burning world, a great white throne, a judgment and an eternal coming. There is but one chance for all, including yourself, to prepare for these. If you had done your duty, gone when called, many of these who within the next year will drop into hell might have been angels in heaven. Must Jesus continue to call you in vain?

5. If you will not go, your disobedience will affect your home, as Achan's did Israel. You will be a backslider, a block under the wheel, a Jonah in the ship; and unless they put you out, or you leave or get right, the corps cannot prosper. Through reluctance, you will have to be dropped; and you may be lost. While in the West, a comrade whose disobedience, married a man too old for the work, and, later, was reported to be an accomplice in a penitentiary crime. When you disobey God you never know where it will end.

The Best System.

6. There is no better system for finance, saving or keeping souls than in this organization. It is the Army system, and acknowledged to be the strongest in the world. The best way to keep people saved is to use them; their system reaches to the use of all—old and young, men, women and children to their utmost ability. There is place, a chance for development and work in the Army for all.

7. The Salvation Army is the second largest army; it has the old time, the martyrs' religion. It wants you to be good, and help others to do the same. Its principles are: (1) Going to the people with the message of salvation. (2) Attracting the people. (3) Saving the people. (4) Our employment of the people. The embodiment of common sense in religion. Their object is to save souls. Will you go and do the work God wants you to do, or will you backslide, disgrace God's kingdom, and damn those you should have been instrumental in saving?

8. It is international, and seeks to reach all nations, tongues and peoples.

It is unsectarian, and recognizes no creed, but loves all—Protestants, Jews, Catholics and all others. It is a respecter of persons, but strives alike to help rich and poor, high and low, learned and ignorant, white and colored, Christian and heathen, moral and criminal, libertine and bar-bol—all mankind. Its motto is, "The world for God."

9. It is said that, allowing for births and deaths, if 7,000 souls were saved every year, it would take 900 years to save the world. But if one person will get one more, those two two more, those four four more, and so on, each year, it would take only 32 years. How soon the world might be saved if the good would work upon this plan, many are doing nothing and have not for years. Come and be one to start this plan. Thousands want salvation, but do not "know the way."

Expect Persecution.

10. It is persecuted. Do not go unless willing to suffer. Jesus was made perfect through suffering, the apostles, save one, were martyred; and in the Dark Ages many died for Christ. "All that live godly shall suffer persecution." (II. Tim. iii. 12.) The days of suffering and martyrdom are not past. If you follow Jesus you will have to suffer. You never expected; possibly in prisonment, and even death. Your call may mean to Gerbesmane and Calvary. Will you deny your Saviour when He gave for you?

11. The lost in hell say, "Go to my brethren," the saved in heaven tell their loved ones saved; your conscience, the Bible, the need, the grace, call; your talents, the blood, Calvary, and the Holy Ghost entreat you. From the hotel, saloon, and den of vice, and everywhere, all round the world, half-damned millions of drunkards and harlots, of the poor and criminal, of the vile and low, both civilized and heathen, by their poverty, sin, and shame, by their opposition, persecution, and hatred are calling, "Come and help us." This is the kind Jesus and the apostles sought to help. They are the most needed and ready to accept salvation when it is offered. Obey God, and, though one soul is worth a life-time of work, you may be instrumental in bringing thousands to God, and at the judgment see them become angels for ever.

12. God, the angels, and the Salvation Army, welcome you to your highest, your first, place with God; one separate from the world, and where you can be out and out for God and souls. Here workers are considered exalted; and as you cannot be considered more, you can work without fear of being held back, because you are saved, and use alive untold common sense and good sense for others saved, and will be urged on to greater goodness and usefulness.

Wanted—Self-Dealers.

13. Wanted, men and women to work, suffer, sacrifice, pray, and have faith in God; to give up father, mother, home, friends, and loved ones; to give up the world, position, honors, and pleasures, and to go to the ends of the earth; to go to prison, visit the sick and dying, the slums, saloons, and dens of vice; to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and hunt the world for sinners. Wanted, saviors! You can give yourself. Jesus did. Self is of more value than all else. God has instruments, and you have as much right as others to do, enjoy, and share. You are saved to save. As you have been helped, you owe it to God and the organization to help others. Be a savior. "They that win many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." (Rev. xii. 3.)

14. In a vision Jesus said to a Local Officer on the Pacific Coast: "When thou readest in the Army literature of the sins and sufferings of the poor that is My call to thee." "When thou beholdest the ragged and starving, that is also My call." "When special officers visit thy corps, and tell how great a work the Army is doing for the destitute, and how much more could be done were there a sufficiency of officers, that is a call."

"When the Salvation Army makes special appeals for Candidates for officership, that is My call to thee."

If you ought to go, these are all calls to you. Do your duty if the heavens fall. That God calls, is a promise to carry you through, make you a conqueror.

"What shall the answer be?"

The

His Br

The Genera

Do you as-ford campal give it you.

Saturday was certain and the best I ever remem-it was a m-the enthusia-aflectionate straight to the ing experien-beat, and in that followe-

I have -in Bradford this has pass-tore for pow-standing the which at tim-actually break-

It is now amidst shout-of joy, has fir-the the "sky," dress circle, are to be fou-Oh, what a forward!

And, oh, praise God!

—William B

Bradford's

It is comm-alas! our be-called upon row. Thank-and fought of a very-furnished him-brim with i-posite, as w-foregoing w-General dur-lant soul-witnessed.

Sympathy, were present-trifling degr-as he appear-on Saturday-roaring. Ne-the eighteen-diers, crowd-to the galley-arent. T-caught are a-profanities to his pen-t-duction, dur-of which fou-and heart-to

Then, ener-marvelous de-turned himse-dred souls be-these cold-ers more than b-Garling upon-General bad-with the enq-ues the Holy-people?"

Well, the C-faculty, ever-ation. And of failures a-samed the p-he quoted a-him by the C-the Co. The a pot dog, a been sorely-amed the p-to some frie-do nothing, I-was put into-After a while-singing, and-they found a-with her h-closed, knee-and singin-make the dog got be-eral amid the-and you k-words, too-keep the fly-don't you con-let Him puri-

The General in Yorkshire.

His Bradford Soldiers Overwhelm Him with the Warmth of Their Loyalty and Sympathy.

The General's Estimate of Bradford.

Do you ask my opinion on the Bradford campaign? Well, I will gladly give it you.

Saturday night's soldiers' meeting was certainly the largest in numbers and the best in character, a long way, I ever remember holding in Yorkshire. It was a marvellous gathering; and the enthusiasm it manifested and the affectionate greeting it gave me went straight to my soul. It was a comforting experience for my own wounded heart, and helped me through the tolls that followed.

I have had many precious Sundays in Bradford; but, taken altogether, this has passed all that has gone before for power and blessing, notwithstanding the weakness of my body, which at times made me fear I should actually break down and have to give up.

It is now 8.45. Colonel Lawley, amidst shouts, thanksgivings and tears of joy, has just announced the eighty-first at the Mercy Seat for the evening. The theatre is now crowded to the "sky." All over the top gallery, dress circle, and pit, men and women are to be found wounded and weeping. Oh, what a mighty struggle is going forward!

"And, oh, how shall I sufficiently praise God for this day of salvation."
—William Booth.

Bradford's Estimate of the General.

It is common knowledge how deeply, alas! our beloved General has been called upon to drink of the cup of sorrow. Thank God, the week-end, begun and fought out in physical weakness or a very manifest character, has furnished him with a cup filled to the brim with ingredients altogether opposite, as will be gathered from the foregoing which was written by the General during one of the most brilliant soul-saving periods we have yet witnessed.

Sympathy, affection, and soul-saving were present at Bradford in an electrifying degree; and, pale and worn, as he appeared on entering the Citadel on Saturday night, the effect of the roaring, Niagara-like greeting from the eighteen hundred assembled soldiers, crowded row upon row right up to the gallery wall, was immediately apparent. The General's warrior-soul caught fire afresh, and, as soon as the preliminaries permitted, he gave vent to his pent-up emotions in the introduction, during the eloquent delivery of which feeling answered to feeling and heart to heart.

Then, energised and cheered to a marvellous degree, the veteran leader turned himself to the eighteen hundred souls before him, the majority of them soldiers, but some, alas! nothing more than backsliders and runaways. Gazing upon the imposing crowd, the General had turned to Colonel Lawley with the enquiry, "What can we do to get the Holy Ghost down upon these people?"

Well, the General appealed to every faculty, every power, every consideration. And then, when the catalogue of failures and shortcomings had assumed the proportions of a black list, he quoted a delightful little story told him by the General before he left London. The General's children possessed a pet dog, and the poor animal had been sorely wounded. They took it to some friend or other, but he could do nothing, and so the poor creature was put into the collar to die in peace. After a while a tiny voice was heard singing, and when they went to look, they found a wee mite, of four years, with her hands clasped and eyes closed, kneeling beside the dog and singing, "His blood can make the vilest clean!" "The dog got better," added the General amid the volley which followed; "and you know the truth of these words, too—yet you are willing to keep the filth on your souls. Why don't you come to the Holy Ghost, and let Him purify your heart?"

nineteen hundred—a grand piece of human composition for

The General's Artillery.

All day long the first four rows of seats in the pit were reserved for such as Tom's drunks, and you may take it from us that they made a brave show on behalf of the devil's handwork—though not in his favor. We did not then guess how really ill the General was feeling, though we saw enough to arouse the keenest anxiety. And yet he persisted in giving out the song, declaring a few minutes afterwards his full assurance that he was going to see God save some Yorkshire "Bittes."

The General performed prodigies this day! Surely God sent His strong angel to stand at His side, as well as fill his mouth with His own irresistible truth. Sinners, backsliders and inconsistent saints were alike brought low. It is worth noting that throughout the campaign men led the way to

thing, and will land you with the devil, if you don't get rid of it."

How immovably he held them to the truth. No squeezing out at the corners, or dodging round the doubtfuls. His voice grew strong with the power of his message, and the Holy Ghost accompanied it with compelling force. Five or six volunteers were at the front straightaway, and the first chorus sang was several times interrupted by the outcoming of penitents. One of the volunteers was a very respectable young man, who was so smothered up that he covered his face with his handkerchief. In all, nineteen more seekers were reformed. And yet, so far, we have had but the promise of the coming deluge!

Another 2,500 souls to be dealt with at night! Oh, that we had had space for a thousand more! These Yorkshire audiences are a treat to watch. Waiting intervals are filled in by sweeping choruses, and when the battle begins the broad, open faces beam straight at you. When, afterwards, we climbed to the top gallery, which viewed from the platform looked so astonishing a sight, we found its steep steps packed tight from end to end, and exhibiting just the same enduring patience—for the atmosphere was stifling—and riveted attention which prevailed in the cooler regions below. The intensity of hearing, and the earnestness and demeanor put us in mind of nothing so much as a life or death trial in the courts of law.

Very literally, it was such a trial—only the arraigned were the souls of men and women who listened. The General dragged himself up to the completion of his almost overwhelming task, in the face of which his voice once more grew strong, and his determination to compel a verdict for Jehovah supreme. He called upon the beautiful spring to testify to the immortality of the human soul, and upon the unspeakable terms of God's blessed Book to prove the everlasting penalty of sin. He appealed with piercing words against the foolishing away of any further precious time, and in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost summoned the sinners and wanderers to come and save their souls.

"The Saviour, upon bended knee," he said, "has been begging you day after day to accept His mercy. I will ask those of you who have got common-sense—who feel the urgings of the Holy Ghost—who know that they are not washed in the blood of the Lamb, that they are not ready to die and face the Judgment Bar—I will invite you to come and settle this matter whether your heart is hard or soft. I talk to people's hearts out of my own heart, and as hot as I can get it on!"

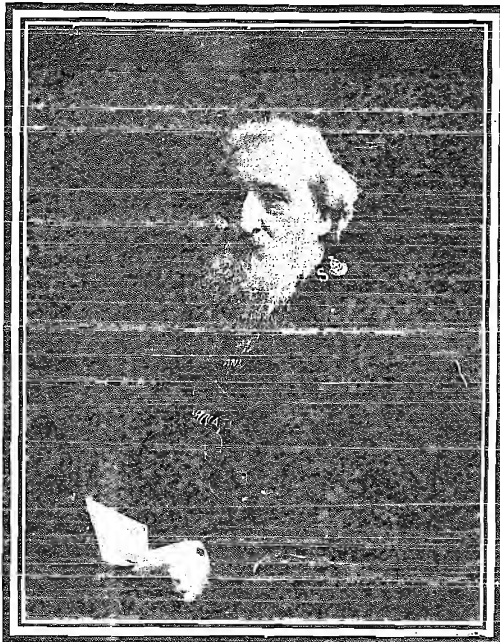
The Heavens Opened!

There was a prostration to Jesus. There was something like an adequate response to the Divine influence, which shook the theatre. Four men headed the march to the Cross; the broken-down penitents threaded their ways from every part of the building—on, on, on through the tortuous windings of the passages and streamed up on to the stage—men and women, old and young, rich and ragged, boys and girls, mistresses and servants. The gathering moved quickly and kept going! The General clung to the stage, feeding upon the glorious sight of those long rows of Saviour-meeting sinners. The shushers sought, found and sought again. Colonel Lawley was magnificent in effort second only to his marvellous General. Commissioner Rees and Lieut-Col. Lindsay were ready and equal to anything. It was sublime!

The total results for the week-end campaign were 184 surrenders, made up as follows: Saturday night, 25; Sunday morning, 11; afternoon, 19; night, 129.

The goodness in us impresses these around us for their good, since good is always stronger than evil.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

One truth is the seed of other truths. It is sown in us to bear fruit, not to lie torpid. The power of mind by which truth becomes prolific is freedom. Our great duty is to encourage vigorous action of mind. The greater the number of free and vigorous minds brought to bear upon the subject, the more truth is promoted.



GOD BLESS OUR GENERAL!

From early youth his life has been consecrated to the winning of men and women from self-indulgence to their duty toward God and man, yet at the beginning of his 74th year, when many others, after such a life of trial and responsibility, would have long ago retired from public life, we find him still at the front, and surprising everybody with the energy and enthusiasm of his public addresses, and the keen interest he takes in anything pertaining to his life's work. Long live the General!

everything on one side and declared for the cross. A backslidden Color-Sergeant, stalwart and good-natured, and a wandering handman were among the twenty-five penitents secured at this memorable meeting.

Well might an officer venture the statement that "nothing one-half as interesting as this has even been seen on the stage."

We occupied the Empire Theatre on Sunday for the first time, and Bradford, out of its great industrial population of close upon 300,000, liberally supplied the General with audiences on so generous a scale indeed, that we sighed to think the building was not twice the size. Clever Major Cox secured a "turn" on the "boards" on Saturday night, sandwiching in an announcement of the General's visit between the performances of two "stars"; while the indefatigable Gregory placed, during the day, a hundred invitation cards in the hands of drunkards whom he came across. Both had their reward.

In from the beautiful sunshine outside marched a morning audience of

Calvary in every meeting; and, in this instance, a tall, shabby, white-haired old man uttered out. Soon after a youth, whose closely cropped hair told the tale, followed to the mercy-seat; he admitted that he was just out of prison, where he had undergone a sentence of nine months for stealing, but was now going to serve God and become a soldier. Nine others bowed in submission to the claims of God.

It was both gratifying and the reverse to be told before the afternoon meeting started that the road was "black with people." You see, a perfect state of repitiation prevailed inside, and the case for even a foot of vacancy was a hopeless one indeed. The General? He just trod upon his bodily weakness, and without a moment's loss or delay, hit out mightily at all and every kind of sin. "Oh, my God, that men and women should ever work themselves up to the conclusion that they can make a profit out of Jehovah—that God Almighty is going to sit by and see them beat Him! No, no! All that is wrong is sin. If it is not right, it is an evil

Lessons of the Lighthouse.

(To our frontpiece.)

By P. N. ESSNOUF. Gaspe Basin, Que.

Having had charge of a lighthouse in the Lower St. Lawrence for a number of years, during which time I acquired a knowledge of the duties of a light-keeper and also had occasion to observe a few things connected with the station, I think the lighthouse affords a splendid object lesson, illustrating many valuable truths associated with the Christian life, and teaching us how we may shine as spiritual lights in this world.

There are different kinds of lighthouses in operation to-day, such as the flash light, the revolving light, the fixed light, etc. These have a different way of exhibiting their light, but they have been erected for the one purpose—to give light and save life.

The fixed light, however, which is always visible, seems to afford the best lessons, so let us see what we can learn from it.

In the first place, we notice that the lighthouse is erected for a purpose. It is not erected simply to be an ornament to our sea coasts and to our country, as many magnificent buildings are erected to-day, but it is built for a purpose.

We learn from this that God has created us and placed us in this world for a grand purpose—to shine as spiritual lights, and thus be the means in His hands of guiding precious souls drifting on the stormy sea of error and death "into the peaceful haven of Salvation." This is what God has created us for not to be useless ornaments, as many people are to-day, but to be useful instruments in His hands.

Are we to-day serving the purpose for which we were created?

We notice again that the lighthouse itself is useless without the lighting apparatus. It may be perfectly constructed and nicely painted. In the daytime it may present all the appearance of a fully-equipped lighthouse, but when night sets in no light is seen shining from its tower, hence it is perfectly useless to those who are on the sea, in danger of being driven upon the rocks.

This would teach us that without the light of God's Spirit within our hearts we are perfectly useless in leading souls to Christ. Like the lighthouse without lighting apparatus, we may have all the appearance of godliness, but possessing no power to shine as spiritual lights.

It is only when the heart is filled with the fire of God's Spirit and love that it is able to send out brilliant beams to cheer those around us and guide them towards the haven of rest.

Is the fire of God's Spirit and love burning in your heart to-day?

Turning again to the lighthouse, we notice that the lighting apparatus within its tower must be kept in perfect order, so that the light may be seen to advantage. The lamps must be cleaned every day, the oil reservoirs have to be replenished, the reflectors need careful polishing; in fact, everything belonging to the lighting apparatus must receive daily attention.

These daily duties, apparently of small consequence, play a very important part in making the lighthouse a boon to mariners. The careless neglect of these small things on the part of the light-keeper would be sufficient to cause a shipping disaster, and be the means of sending hundreds of souls down to a watery grave.

The lesson we may draw from this is that we need to give daily attention to our spiritual duties if we would let our light shine before men.

Our heart is the lighting apparatus. In the first place, it must be kept clean. David prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" Every part of it must receive cleansing. The least sin allowed to remain in it will diminish our spiritual light.

Then there is

The Daily Replenishing of the Oil of God's Grace.

As the lamps in the lighthouse tower will not burn unless they are replenished from time to time, the Christian will not be a burning and shining light except his heart is replenished

from day to day with the oil of Divine Grace.

Another duty which the light-keeper is required to do is to keep the plate glasses around the lighthouse tower perfectly clean both inside and out.

A thin layer of dust allowed to settle upon them will, in a measure, obscure the light within. Therefore they require frequent washing and rubbing in order that the light may not be hindered from sending its brilliant rays across the sea.

How often we allow the dust of this world to obscure the light which ought to shine out from our lives! The dust of pride, of worldly ambition, of love of money, of worldly pleasure, and a host of other things of like character, when allowed to adhere to our lives as the dust adheres to the plate glasses, will greatly diminish our usefulness as Christians.

We may draw another lesson from the plate glasses, which, during the cold season, sometimes get so covered with frost as to partly obscure the light within the tower.

The spiritual frigidity of some Christians to-day accomplishes the same thing. Showing no fervor as a Christian, if I may be allowed to use the expression, one who has become cold in the service of God, and I will show you a Christian whose spiritual light can but dimly be seen. What does the light-keeper do when the plate glasses become covered with

frost, thereby preventing the light from being plainly seen on the sea, where a ship may be struggling with the waves? Why, he goes to work to remove the frost until the glass is free from it.

Have we grown cold in the Lord's service?

Do We Shine as Brightly To-Day

as we did some years ago? Are we as useful in leading souls to Christ to-day as we once were?

If we mourn our spiritual coldness, let us get filled with the fire of God's Spirit that will melt all the frost in our lives and enable us to shine most brightly.

Spiritual coldness to-day among professing Christians is preventing thousands of souls from getting to heaven.

We also notice the fact that the lamps within the lighthouse tower must be kept burning during the night hours without a minute's cessation. It matters not how long or how short the night is, the lamps must be kept brightly burning every moment of the same. It is only when the morning dawns that the keeper must extinguish them.

The lesson we may draw from this is that the lamp of the Christian must also be kept burning without cessation. While we are in this sin-darkened world, where so many souls are going down to eternal destruction, our light must not cease to burn.

We know not how long or how short our life may be, but as long as God leaves us upon this earth, we are to let our light shine not only at intervals, as many people do, not only during a great revival, but every day, every hour and every moment.

Some people's light is like a comet

which only shows itself once in a while. The light which the true Christian exhibits is like the fixed light of a lighthouse which is always visible.

How many souls have been driven on the rocks of destruction simply because the light of the professing Christian was not always visible!

Again, it is worthy of notice that the light in the lighthouse tower is seen more plainly and at a greater distance during the darkest night.

We learn from this fact that we ought to shine as Christians with more brilliancy and effect during the darkest seasons of life and in the darkest places.

Some People Can Shine Only in Certain Places.

And under certain circumstances, but the Christian whose heart is on fire with God's Spirit will let his light be seen all the brighter in the darkest haunts of sin, and during the darkest seasons, when Satan puts forth special efforts to frustrate the work of Christ.

Again we turn to the lighthouse for a lesson, and we learn that it is not affected by storms.

During the most violent storms and tempests, when stones and other missiles are being hurled against the tower by the force of a mighty wind, when the sea is lashed into foam and the breakers come dashing high upon the beach with a noise like thunder, when gigantic waves sometimes hurl themselves with terrific force against the building, threatening to crush it to pieces, in the midst of such fierce storms the light in the tower continues to burn with the same bright-

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III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Maximilian A. D. 1493-1519.

Kaiser Max, as every one called him, though he never was crowned as Emperor, began by gallantly driving back the Turks, who had advanced as far as Laybach, so that he was hailed at Innsbruck, his favorite city, as a deliverer.

He then married Bianca Maria, the sister of Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, because he wanted to have a footing in Italy; but he never loved her like the wife of his youth, and she seems to have been a dull, heavy woman, who grew indifferently fat from eating snails.

The affairs of Italy were the great concern, for Bianca's uncle, Ludovico Sforza, after having brought about an invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. of France, was ready to do anything to get rid of him. Maximilian joined the league against him, and for many years there was a continual struggle in Italy between Germans, French and Spaniards, the Italians themselves sometimes taking part with one, sometimes with the other, and only wishing to get rid of them all alike as foreigners.

The Pope, Alexander VI., was one of the worst of men, and had brought the Church into such a state that all good men felt that there was no cure but calling a General Council. Philip, the son of Maximilian and Marie of Burgundy, had been married to Juana, the daughter of Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and Isabel, Queen of Castile.

He died in 1504, leaving two sons, Charles and Ferdinand, and five daughters. His wife became insane with grief, and the children were brought up by Margaret, his sister, who ruled their inheritance of the Low Countries with great wisdom and skill. She and her father wrote very amusing letters to one another, which are still preserved.

She was to manage a treaty which Maximilian made with Louis XII. of France, and the Republic met the French minister, the Cardinal of Amboise, at Cambrai, where she wrote to her father that she and he were nearly ready to pull each other's hair, but at last they agreed to make peace.

He had beaten the Germans and laughed at the Kaiser, calling him Maximilian the moneyless. Both he and Louis XII. crossed the Alps, but the German nobles had been bribed by the French, and the only troops he could trust were the landsknechts, foot soldiers of low birth, who carried heavy pikes, formed troops under captains of their own, and hired themselves out to fight.

At the siege of Padua, Maximilian asked the French knights to storm the place together with his landsknechts, but they made answer that they would not do so unless the German knights likewise joined in the assault. Maximilian thought this fair, but the German nobility made answer that they would only fight on horseback, and that it was beneath them to dismount and scramble through ditches and walls.

The Kaiser was so much ashamed of them that he set out at night with only five men, rode forty miles without stopping, sent orders to break up the camp and retired to Austria.

He was always making great schemes and breaking down in them for want of money or of the support of his princes, and thus, though he was the cleverest sovereign on the throne, and with the wisest ideas and noblest notions, he was little trusted or respected, and he did very strange things.

Julius II. drew him and Henry VIII. into what he called the Holy League, for driving the French out of Italy, and when Henry attacked them at home, and laid siege to Tournay, Maximilian went and served in his army as a private knight for one hundred crowns a day.

(To be continued.)

Time is too valuable to be spilled like water on the ground.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

What the F

By LIEUT.-COL. MRS.

"A letter, timely writ, is a chain of affection; And a letter untimely delay is rust to the soldier."—Tup.

The light of a fair Sabbath was slowly waning, the bells were pouring out silver tones to the passing pedestrians, others were bent on and pleasure. It was one of the evenings at home. My little was lying with wide open eyes, and listening intently. Bible stories read from a little ment, her "very own" prized her mother's gift and her own between a dollie and Bible birthday.

I had read, among other stories, of Matthew's call from the thiering of taxes to follow. "What does that mean, mamma?" earnestly enquired the little from the pillows. I tried to follow up the explanation, but her how, as a young girl, I called her mother to leave friends, all, to follow him and His love and mercy to others, you don't always tell about the office; sometimes you or letters and things."

The words rang in my ears after the bright blue eyes were and the tired little head was from me in sweet, restless mused at my writing table, "only letters and things!" He they mean to the writers and What a strange world this is without his little written. Ever since in the early months its history, when Enoch, who ed with God," and therefore stood His purposes, invented how great has been their bliss or curse, to cheer or de- nlight or call down.

Who shall write the story of? We all remember the debating of our youthful days, with the hard subjects, one of which "Which is the greater, the pen sword?" and fixed indelibly in minds is the verdict of the discussion, the pen carrying the laurels. How important a fact affairs of the universe are! They supplement the messages electric forces in international actions, they make clear the means of commerce and trade speed around and across the rail and steamer and stage w of missionary enterprise.

What messages of hope and ago letters oftentimes bring white wings, what inspirations the faint-hearted, what comfort sorrowing and strength to the glark. How eagerly the acceptance of the letter from the boy across the sea, and the news of the loved husband.

Of music is the postman's the sister who longs for the which comes from the brother to her own. How the weary God's vineyard rejoices in it from afar of victory and su- the life of the comrade worker.

Letters, then, still carry w the magic to dry the tears of them to flow. How often heard the remark: "It was ter—my friend must have his spiration, for his letter came the moment when I felt no o His loving, helpful words I burden, chased away the gloom of the dark sky and made that life after all held some live for, that at least some interested, some one was th me—and I faced the difficul have bravely been fighting l- ties ever since."

As my mind reverted to the which came into my own thought of the diversity of experience they represented, letters—letters from city letters from government off- ters about grants and cases, property, finance, let- ministers, Christian workers, denominations, letters from seeking wandering boys or girls, letters from girls in ling trouble and boys in ling- ters from Rescue officers re-

What the Postman Brought Me.

By LIBUT-COL. MRS. READ, Secretary Women's Social Work.

"A letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection; And a letter untimely delayed is as rust to the soldier."—Tupper.

The light of a fair Sabbath evening was slowly waning, the distant bells were pouring out silvery invitations to the passing pedestrians to come to God's house, thousands of feet were treading towards places of worship, others were bent on business and pleasure. It was one of my rare evenings at home. My little darling was lying with wide open eyes, watching me and listening intently to the Bible stories read from a little Testament, her "very own," prized because her mother's gift and her own choice between a dollie and Bible on her birthday.

I had read, among other stories, the record of Matthew's call from the gathering of taxes to follow Jesus. "What does that mean, mamma dear?" earnestly enquired the little voice from the pillows. I tried to explain, following up the explanation by telling her how, as a young girl, the Lord called her mother to leave home, friends, all, to follow Him and tell of His love and mercy to others. "But you don't always tell about Jesus in the office; sometimes you only write letters and things."

The words rang in my ears long after the bright blue eyes were closed and the tired little head had turned from me in sweet, restful repose. I mused at my writing table near by—"only letters and things?" How much they mean to the writers and readers. What a strange world this would be without its little written missives. Ever since in the early morning of its history, when Enoch, who "walked with God," and therefore understood His purposes, invented letters, how great has been their power to bless or curse, to cheer or depress, to uplift or cast down.

Who shall write the story of letters? We all remember the debating classes of our youthful days, with their standard subjects, one of which was, "Which is the greater, the pen or the sword?" and fixed indelibly upon our minds is the verdict of the heated discussion, the pen carrying off the laurels. How important a factor in the affairs of the universe are letters. They supplement the message of the electric forces in international transactions, they make clear the arrangements of commerce and trade and speed around and across the earth by rail and steamer and stage with news of missionary enterprise.

What messages of hope and courage letters oftentimes bring on their white wings, what inspiration to the faint-hearted, what comfort to the sorrowing and strength to the struggling. How eagerly the aged mother watches for the letter from the soldier boy across the sea, and the wife for news of the loved husband. How full of trouble is the postman's knock to the sister who longs for the epistle which comes from the brother's heart to her own. How the weary toiler in God's vineyard rejoices in the news from afar of victory and success in the life of the comrade worker.

Letters, then, still carry with them the magic to dry the tears or to cause them to flow. How often have we heard the remark: "It was that letter—my friend must have had an inspiration, for his letter came just at the moment when I felt no one cared. His loving, helpful words lifted the burden, chased away the gloom, cleared the dark sky and made me feel that life after all held something to live for; that at least some one was interested, some one was thinking of me—and I faced the difficulty and have bravely been fighting life's battles ever since."

An my mind reverted to the letters which come into my own hands, I thought of the diversity of life and experience they represented.

Letters—letters from city officials, letters from government officials, letters about grants and petitions, taxes, property, finances, letters from ministers, Christian workers of other denominations, letters from mothers seeking wandering boys or wayward girls, letters from girls in heart-breaking trouble and boys in distress, letters from Rescue officers respecting a

hundred and one different matters relative to the work of their Homes, letters from League of Mercy workers telling of victory and difficulty, encouragement and discouragement. Oh, the scores of letters! As I turn to the letter basket and pick out indiscriminately a few typical ones, I want to pass on the thoughts contained in them that the hope expressed in one may inspire, the sins mourned in another may warn and the thoughts of gratitude and faith of others may help some reader. No names are mentioned, as everything that comes to us is treated as sacredly confidential.

The first is from the far distant battle-field of South Africa, from a

young man saved through the League of Mercy in a Canadian prison. I give an extract, which will show how divine grace, even amidst the caruages and horrors of war, keeps the trusting mind in perfect peace:

"I am now in —, where God has been very good to me. The temptations have been many, but God is able to keep that which I have committed to Him. Even on the battle-field God was very good to me—there, in the hot fire of the enemy, as my comrades were dropping, I felt as though I needed a comforter, and that was Jesus. God has kept me so far, and I am sure He will keep me. I have had two letters from mother; she took my coming —re very hard at first, but she has put it in the Lord's hands, and her faith is strong enough to believe that He will bring me safely home again."

(To be continued.)



HAGAR.

"And the Angel of the Lord . . . said, Hagar, Sarah's maid, whence camest thou, and whither wilt thou go? And she said, I fly from the face of my mistress Sarah."—Gen. xvi, 8.

Men's Social Department.

PRISON GATE WORK NEWSLETS.

"Whoever lets loose a sunbeam in this world starts a benediction among men. Whoever sets a little lamp where its beam may shine on a few feet of someone's path has done that which is worth while."

The Staff-Captain reports that there are now 360 men in the Central Prison, which includes a number of 30 and 60-day men. This number is the smallest winter average that has been known for years. These indications point that crime is not on the increase, but, if anything, especially in the fair Province of Ontario, it is on the decrease.

One of the noticeable features of Prison Gate Work is the amount of labor we can find for ex-prisoners. Two years ago the Staff-Captain found it very difficult to get business men interested enough in men coming from prison to give them employment, there being only one or two firms which

responded to his appeal to give men a chance in this city; but now it is noticeable that a large number of our business men will not only take an interest in this movement, but are willing to practically assist the men coming from prison by giving them wages on par with other men. This is the right principle, for after all, if the men coming from prison find that it is to work for almost nothing when found employment, conditions tend to smother a man, and drive him to deeds of violence.

The Staff-Captain says that one of the greatest blessings to the prisoners in the prisons is the War Cry. "After two years of experience in the galleries every week distributing, reading or praying with the men, I have only had two refuse the War Cry. Another fact, the War Cry is read, and many of the younger men like the Young Soldier brought to them. In this matter the Temple corps has been very kind in donating their surplus War Cry, and also Lippincott corps."

By the aid of the Hon Mr.

Stratton, of Peterboro, our Prison Gate Work was brought before the Provincial Government a few weeks ago, and without any dissension \$500 (five hundred dollars) was unanimously granted to our Prison Gate Work in assisting discharged prisoners.

Our desire is that our lives will be a benediction to every one they touch, our shadows, as we pass along the streets, shall bless those on whom they fall, and that we may be God's saving health in the world, diffusing the influence of heaven amid human sorrow and sin.—Gertrude Cann.

A Pitiful Case.

A Touching Story of a Prisoner Who Died Recently.

Staff-Capt. Archibald tells the following pathetic tale:

G—, a man of sixty years, was sent to the Central Prison on a very serious offence a year ago. One Sunday afternoon, about three months ago I diagnosed his case and found him to be a very hard man in spirit, also a very wicked one, although I believed him innocent of the crime he was supposed to have committed. Nothing could be done for him, however, but to seek to lead him back to the fold of God. So kneeling in his cell, with his hand in mine, that Sunday afternoon, he sought the Christ of compassion and forgiveness, and he arose a new creature in Christ Jesus. He then unfolded to me his heart. Twelve years ago he had a home, a beautiful little home. His children entered it, and within ten days his wife and children were laid beneath the clouds of their little family plot in the Cemetery. Nothing was left to him but one little baby girl, which a lady adopted. Poor G— was left, and in his loneliness, instead of leaning on the strong arm of God, his heart turned to the bitterness of gall. Not listening to the voice of religion he drifted onward and downward, step by step, till he was arrested and condemned on a serious charge. G— said, "Had I not been sent to the Central Prison my poor soul might have been lost." Therefore, that which was a humiliation and disgrace was the means of bringing him back to God. Being of a refined and delicate constitution, the prison work was very hard on him, and the Sergeant, who liked his appearance, took him on as an

Assistant in the Photograph Gallery.

One morning, a few weeks ago, the Sergeant noticed his pale face, and said, "G—, you must not work any more until you report to the doctor." The doctor placed him in the Hospital Ward in the prison, and after a consultation with the Warden, pronounced his case most serious. The Warden, who is always to the men very kind, arranged to have him removed to Grace Hospital, desiring to give him every chance for life that medical science could grant. Last week he was removed thence, but on medical examination was found to be too far gone to undergo an operation. I stayed by poor G— till his last moments, till the flickering flame of life had ebbed away. He died very happy; tears of joy rolled down his cheeks as I talked to him and sang of "Jesus, the mighty Saviour." With the death sweat upon his brow, and my hand in his, he raised his eyes heavenward and said, "Captain, my wife and children are coming to meet me. Oh, how merciful our God is. But his eyes were fixed beyond the prison bars, beyond that which was mortal. Scarcely and peacefully ceased to breathe, and was carried by the angels into the realms of light and love, and reunited for eternity with those who have gone before."

He was very poor, so I claimed his body, and took his little girl, who is now thirteen years old, to the undertaker's, where we had a little service. I do not think that the child ever knew that her father was in prison, as she sobbed for him dreadfully, although she had not seen him for a number of years. We laid him at rest in the Hummerdale Cemetery, and I came away from there feeling that a duty had been done for God and the Army.

Sergt.-Major Webber, Ottawa.

The subject of this sketch, Sergeant Major John Webber, of the 109th corps of the Salvation Army in Canada, will be one of special interest, I am sure, to a large number of people, who have heard of and known him in Ottawa, Pembroke, and other places, and also those who have never seen him, but have heard of him as a faithful warrior.

John Webber was born in the little village of Bramford Spoke, a few miles from the town of Exeter, County Devonshire, Eng., some 46 years ago. About his father's age his parents moved to the village of Kerswell, where he attended school for some time, afterwards being employed as a butcher's boy, which had anything but a good effect on the character of the young man. With this his parents, sailed for Canada, and drew up at the Imperial City of Ottawa. For some time after coming to the country he was engaged working on the Ottawa River, but in 1875 he was employed as a fisherman in this occupation that he was convicted of his sins, and eventually became converted. The story of his conversion is quite interesting. Sergeant-Major Webber relates it in about this manner:

For a New Pair of Pants.

"I was working at Billings' Bridge, some eighteen years ago, with a farmer named Samuel Evans. Mrs. Evans, having attended some meetings which were being held by the Saved Army, in the city, and feeling she ought to try and do something for the Lord, came to my place of work, and encouraged me to come and join the Saved Army people. Not being very much inclined to religion (not having been inside of a church for years), she found me rather hard to persuade. Mrs. Evans promised, however, to leave her husband home and meet me at the meetings, to go and hear the members of this sect speak and sing. More to get the pants than any desire for good, I went to town, and that Sunday afternoon I

AGAINST MOTHS.

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leco, Cal.

11 o'clock. I am sure, sir, such sacrifice on the part of Sergt.-Major Webber is only one instance in the life of a man who is willing to sacrifice much more for the good of his fellow-man and the extension of the Kingdom, which he has so much at heart.

Sergt.-Major Webber has certainly made very practical use of his time to helping save men and women from their sins, in regard to putting forward his own family. He has two daughters now in the field—Lieut. Webber, who is assistant to Major McMillan, at London, and Cadet Webber, who recently farewelled, and is now stationed at Pt. St. Charles, Montreal—and according to latest records, both are looked upon as officers whom their parents may be proud of.

It would not do to close this report without making some reference to his good wife, who has helped the Sergt.-Major on the way he has so ably trod. Mrs. Wehher is a real, practical, Christian woman, one who is willing to sacrifice all for the glory of God, and

I am sure all her Ottawa comrades
feel proud of her for all she has done
for the advancement of the Army
work.

The Sergt.-Major is a great disciplinarian, prompt, and a great believer in uniform. He plays a cornet in the band, and is an active worker for every scheme which tends to advance the work of the Army at large. He was married about 23 years ago, and is employed as an electrician by the Ottawa Electric Light Co.

In conclusion Sergt.-Major Webber said, "The Lord has been good to us. He has saved nearly all our family (which consists of four girls), and I am saved and exceedingly happy."

"The old-time religion is good enough
for me,
It makes me happy when at home,
or anywhere I be."

May peace and happiness follow Sergt.-Major Webber to the end of life's journey, is the best wish of—"Cankarious"

A Triune God.

By J. H. MERRETT.

Mystery of mysteries! Three persons in One Godhead—blessed Trinity! Yet each one having a personal individuality, and as such to be acknowledged—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost! But great as is the mystery, beyond all human conception, still the Word of God is filled with the knowledge of God, so that our faith in Him need not be a blind faith, without foundation, nor our worship of Him as the worship of an unknown God.

I.—God the Father.

Creator of heaven and earth, without beginning or end, possessor of all wisdom, power and might, author of all things visible and invisible; well might we ascribe to Him all honor, praise and glory, omnipotent, glorious, gracious, merciful, long-suffering, eternal, jealous, compassionate, righteous, true, good, great, glorious, and invincible, omnipotent, omnipresent, only—yea, ten thousand times ten thousand times more than all of these, truly there is none like unto Him, either in heaven above or in the earth beneath. He it is who makes the sun to shine and the moon to give us light, who sends the rain in its season, and who causes the seed to grow abundantly; who cares for the young lions, and without whose notice not even a

His Wife Thought He Was Crazy.

In connection with his conversion, Mr. Webber said he thought had he not found peace he would surely have gone crazy, whereupon Mrs. Webber remarked she thought he was already out of his mind.

Shortly after this he came in contact with the Salvation Army, and, removing to the town of Pembroke, took an active interest in the work. Some time ago he was elected to be among the first recruits to the "Band and Fire Dancer," Capt. R. McHardy being in charge of the station at the time. About nine years ago Sergeant-Inspector with his family, returned to Ottawa and once again attached himself to the local corps. Shortly after his return he was commissioned Band Sergeant for one term, then held the position of Secretary of the corps. During Ad. Newman's sojourn in Ottawa our Grand Master pointed to the Honorable, as he is known, as the most important position (in fact, the rank is looked upon as being almost as important as that of the officer-in-charge), which he now holds, as Sergeant-Inspector.

There are many things which have occurred during his term which have been highly commendable to him, one of which might just be mentioned here. Bro. Webster, some seven or eight years ago, was employed with the Ottawa Electric Company (to which he is still regarded as a most faithful employee), at that time he was a lamp trimmer on the arc light (city service), and it was a regular occurrence during the summer, when the lights were out early, on Sunday, for him to start out at 3 o'clock, trim his round, and be all through in time to assist at the holiness meeting at

fallen, sinful nature, but the pure God created human nature of the first Adam before the fall—with all the appetites, desires, affections, feelings, senses, emotions pertaining thereto. And what was His mission? He came to undo what the first man had done. He came to demonstrate the curae of a broken law by fulfilling that law in His life—“not allowing the flesh to conquer the spirit, but by bringing the flesh into subjection to the spirit.” He came to overcome the temptations of the same devil who tempted Adam. He came to pay the penalty for sin, to appease the wrath of God, to satisfy the claims of justice, and to open up a new and living way to life for every son and daughter of Adam’s fallen race. He was pardoned and restored to the favor of God. His life He fulfilled the requirements of the law; by His death He paid the penalty of the law; by His resurrection He broke the power of the law; and by His life He set man free from again into communion with the Father of the Law. “For with the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh. God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, and condemning sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the Law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.”

III.—God the Holy Ghost.

Co-equal with the Father and the Son in all things, infinite and eternal, the Holy Ghost has also shared with them in their dealings with mankind ever since the creation. We read that "the Spirit of God was hovering over the face of the deep, the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." After making man in his own image, he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a "living soul." The Holy Ghost, the soul was the Holy Ghost, and although after the fall in the garden of Eden the Holy Ghost withdrew himself from the hearts of Adam and Eve, man remained spiritually dead in trespasses and sins. The Holy Ghost brought condemnation and fear upon them, and that same fear has followed their sons and daughters in all their generations. The Holy Ghost has at all times been the Ambassador of the Holy Trinity, and the Holy Ghost, the law he revealed, the judgments he proclaimed, and the mercy of God made known to man. Whether in the days of Noah or of Herod, by the prophets, the magicians, or the apostles, the message of the Holy Ghost was the same—"punishment for the wicked and pardon for the penitent." And the Holy Ghost has always given His aid by working miracles and doing won-

And when in the fulness of time the Father gave His only begotten Son to become the Saviour of the world, the Holy Ghost "came upon" the Virgin Mary, and "the power of the Highest overshadowed" her, "therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

constant co-worker, "and the young child grew and waxed strong in the spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon Him." He was with the Son throughout His journey from the manger to the cross, glorifying both the Father and the Son by His mighty works.

But when at last the Master's work on earth was finished, and He was about to return to His Father's home, this was the promise given to the disciples: "If you love Me, keep My commandments, and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth. And the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost . . . shall teach you all things." Thus He became not only the great witness and representative of the Trinity on earth, but He also became the only helper of man.

To mention all the offices of the Holy Ghost towards men would be impossible, but it might be profitable to name a few of them.

He is the author of the new birth, for "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." "If we have not the Spirit of God, we are none of His."

He inspires the Scriptures, "for all Scripture is given by inspiration," and "holy men spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit."

He is the revealer of the things of God to the soul, because eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."

He abides with the saints, "bearing witness with their spirits that they are children of God." He imparts to them wisdom and strength, "guides them into the way of all truth, comforts them in the hour of affliction, protects them in the place of danger, helps them with their infirmities, imparts to them the peace and love of God, is the source of true joy, and by His intercession enables them to offer up prayers which alone avail at the throne of God.

He alone can convince a man of sin, of righteousness and of judgment;" "No man can come unto the Father except the Spirit draw him," and "all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven man, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven men."

Let us then bow down before this
Triune God, and ascribe all glory to
God the Father, who hath created
us; to God the son, who hath redeemed
us; to God the Holy Ghost, who
hath quickened and sanctified us by
His power.

All hail a Trine God!

HOW TO ACQUIRE PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Though so short, the late Queen of England possessed a matchless dignity, and many small women are far more impressive. If you desire personal influence only for your own pride of possession and personal pleasure, the wish is unworthy. But if you desire influence to make others happier and better, beauty and charm are none of them essential to the influential character: a plain, poor and rather tactless girl may have force enough to count for much in her circle. Charm is within the reach of all girls who are unselfish and gentle. Margaret E. Sangster, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; yield with gracefulness, but oppose with firmness.

Great occasions do not make heroes of cowards; they simply unveil them. Silently and imperceptibly we grow strong, or we grow weak; and at last some crisis shows what we have become.

Hunger frequently causes restlessness and wakefulness. This often may be avoided by taking a glass of milk—preferably hot, but not boiled, or a cup of cocoa, or even a light sandwich before going to bed.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

aid us a flying visit
a full of smiles. The
must be getting
and doing a
ing, judging by the
stuff the Major was

Training Notes.

Staff-Captain and
Ensign Brehaut,
and 20 Cadets, have
Easter services at
splendid results.

finances excellent
a tremendous crowd
morning march at
drill was a record-
for years in the
ple has there been
drill. Ninety were
a time we had!

Cadet Richardson of
poke on the S. A.
League. He also
favorite soloe of his
This cadet was
ly through the in-
who visited a se-
there.

Bermuda spoke of
the Island of the

to disturb a meet-
ing, having caught a
and pocketed it and start-
ing. But he was
for the Army got
now for some time he
unlike.

Prince Edward Is-
land meetings frequent
n. He is now the
ant.

of Nova Scotia, was
beating of the Army

quite attractive
and sashes at the

last week eight of
220 houses, praying
they also visited 64
week.

Kaptivated.

(Wire.)

to meeting Monday
as crowds attended.
Army. Staff-Captain
was very pathetic
the meeting created
taken here, and prac-
shown in excellent
walker, Adj.

ry in any world is
vice.—April Ladies'



Great Britain.

From the British War Cry we gather that out of the world's population of over fifteen hundred million souls, not so many as five hundred millions are even professedly Christians. The remaining ten hundred millions know nothing of the joys, the consolations, or the present witness to deliverance from sin and the assurance of life everlasting with Christ in Glory. The fields are truly white for harvest.

The drink campaign now on in the Old Land is being abundantly blessed by God. The British Cry is full of records of some of the worst of drunkards who have been saved. The three watchwords for the campaign are Agitation, Organization, Salvation. The Cry goes on to say: "So far as the drink question is concerned, the people are divided into two camps. There are the blind who have eyes and see not, who view drink as they do cancer, as an incurable disease. There is the other camp—filled with the apathetic, who have grown weary in well-doing, whose powers for service are numbed by repeated failure, and especially by the example of those who at one time were zealous for the cause, but who to-day say: "What's the good of it all?" Then follows an earnest appeal to the British Soldier. There is every reason to think that the goal they have set for themselves will be triumphantly reached, judging by the enthusiastic and whole-hearted manner in which our comrades are taking hold of the campaign.

After a long and successful career in connection with the International Trading Department, Brigadier Lillie is under marching orders, and is appointed to take charge of the newly created Industrial Department at the Farm Colony under the Governor, Col. Lamb. The department will include three extensive rifle fields and other associated industries.

South Africa.

The new Prison-Gate Home which has recently been in Pietermaritzburg will undoubtedly fill a long-felt want. So great has been the need for such an institution that the Natal Government has given the Salvation Army three hundred pounds towards defraying the costs for opening a Home for Discharged Prisoners. This action on the part of the government has, no doubt, been caused by the excellent work which has been accomplished by our Prison Gate Home in Cape Colony.

The General has decided upon the establishment of a proper Native Training Institution in South Africa. It will consist of a farm in a selected district, on which buildings will be erected for carrying on Native Mission Work on the spot and for training Native Cadets who desire to consecrate their lives to the saving of their fellows. This is a step in the right direction. It will be some time before it can be got into working order, but it is satisfactory to know that the project has been decided upon, and an eager Commissioner Kilbey can settle upon the site, it will become an accomplished fact.

Holland.

Col. Lawley's stay in Holland left its mark. God was with him. The floodgates of salvation were opened. During his sixteen days' fighting for souls, he saw 250 kneel for salvation and boldness in his meetings, principally for salvation.

One young man at the Hague came to the penitential form to mock. The Spirit of God turned his mockery to misery, and he came the next night and made a public confession of his sin and sought and obtained Divine forgiveness.

Col. Lawley is in excellent health, and looks better than he has done for years.

Australia.

The Chief Secretary of Victoria, Mr. Trenwith, accompanied by the Under Secretary Mr. Morrison, were recently shown over the Boys' Home at Bayswater by Commissioner McKie. They were delighted with the Home. Mr. Trenwith asked that he might bring his wife and spend a Sunday there. The boys sang for their visitors, and Mr. Trenwith, as he addressed the lads and prayed for them, was visibly affected.

United States.

Ensign Cook and Helft, both old Canadian officers, have recently been promoted to the rank of Adjutant.

Arrangements are in hand for a



Canadian Cuttings—

Four hundred Ontario settlers for the West left Toronto recently.

Two thousand Norwegian laborers are being hired in Christiana by an American Congressman for railway work in Canada.

Mr. Henry Sanderson, of Gorrie, was fishing, when his pole touched an electric wire and the shock killed him.

The Stineco Wool Stock Co's property was destroyed by fire. Several of the employees barely escaped being burned. Loss approximately \$2,500.

The Dominion customs revenue shows an increase for the past nine months of nearly \$2,000,000.

Ussup Salamon, the Galician wife-murderer, was sentenced in Winnipeg to hang on May 27th.

The Imperial authorities have asked for another mounted force of 2,000 men from Canada.

The Elder Dempster Line Lake Superior is aground on a mud bank in Courtney Bay, off St. John, N.B. It is hoped that she will be easily floated off.

Karl Dailman, one of the three men in Kingston Penitentiary for attempting to blow up a lock of the Welland Canal, is said to be Luke Dillon, the Irish leader, and member of the Clan-na-Gael.

The ninth Parliament of the Ontario Legislature dissolved on Saturday by lapse of time.

Engineers John A. McGill, John Charlton and brakeman Harry MacDonald, all of St. Thomas, were killed in a collision between Wabash trains at Jarvis.

Arrangements are being made for the post of Lieutenant-General on the staff commanding regular troops in Canada to be abolished shortly, and a Colonel on the staff to be substituted. The Lieutenant-General's appointment is now vacant, and Col. V. R. Blasco, A.A.C., now in command, will retire in April.

great Pan-American Congress in New York during the latter part of May. Our comrades believe this will be the most glorious time the Army has ever had in that country.

The Easter number of the United States Cry is certainly a very great credit to the ability and enterprise of our cousins across the line and deserving of much praise, both as regards artistic merit and the spicy matter that fills its pages. We heartily congratulate the editor of our New York contemporary.

India and Ceylon.

Brigadier Sukh Singh of the Madras Territory recently did a three weeks' tour in the Telugu country. At one corps, on a Sunday morning, out of 156 on the roll, 147 were present at the meeting. How does that compare with our country?

The Sergeant-Major at a certain Indian village corps gave a feast to everybody who came to the meeting as a thank-offering for the conversion of his son and family, which was the last heathen family in the village. Every person now in the village is a Salvationist.

Another man there gave a donation as a thank-offering for his own conversion from heathenism through the Salvation Army. The Brigadier reports that at several other corps a number of Soldiers gave thank-offerings.

A plague of rats has overrun Gujarat. The government is offering a reward of a pice (one-twelfth of a penny) for every rat killed. This has afforded a remunerative employment for a number of people. The colonists on our Farm Colony have already sent in several thousand tails.

pushed him on the trap, but he gave a leap before the trap could be sprung, and fell from the gallows hanging himself.

From the British Isles.

The news of the death of Cecil Rhodes has come as a shock to many who looked forward to the time when he would again take a part in public life, regarding the unification of South Africa. Cecil Rhodes was a strong personality, who made himself felt throughout the British Empire. He was a warm admirer of General Booth and a friend of the Salvation Army. He has left the bulk of his millions for the advancement of public education, to St. Younger Britains to cope better with the rest of the world.

The South African peace effort seems to have not borne any fruits so far, hostilities being pushed everywhere, and the embarkation of troops from England and the colonies is continued.

Dr. F. T. Addyman, of St. George's Hospital, London, says he has completed the cure of a bad case of cancer in a woman by the action of X-rays upon the disease.

Right Hon. James Lowther presented petitions to the British House of Commons from Liverpool and Cardiff, containing 25,000 signatures, praying for duties on foreign goods.

Very heavy seas have been running in the English Channel and the Irish Sea. A number of vessels are in distress. Queen Alexandra's departure for Copenhagen was postponed in consequence of the gale.

A "prayer for peace" was the only novel feature of the observance of Good Friday in Great Britain. The Bishops of London, Rochester, and St. Alban's issued special appeals to their dioceses to unite in prayer that both British and Boers be granted the temper of peace-makers, pointing out that similar prayers are being offered in the Dutch churches of Pretoria.

While the Prince and Princess of Wales were launching the battleship Prince of Wales, at Chatham, a gunner who was firing a salute was mortally injured, both his arms being blown off.

International.

A fire at Toku, Japan, has destroyed 4,000 houses.

It is reported that the plague in the Punjab is carrying off 70,000 persons every month.

The Viceroy of India unveiled the statue of Queen Victoria in Calcutta.

It is said that nearly a thousand deaths from cholera occurred at Mecca since March 23rd.

Lieut-General Sir Andrew Clark, Agent-General for Victoria, Australia, in London, is dead.

The census of Berlin gives the population at 1,301,567.

The Turkish Government has decided to call to the colors 50,000 irregular troops. This mobilization is ostensibly for the annual manoeuvres, but, in view of the conditions in Macedonia, considerable significance is attached to the movement.

A telegram from Allahabad states that General Walter Kitchener is to proceed to India to take over the command of a first-class district, which will probably be Quetta.

A remarkable invention for preventing railway accidents has been tried with success on the western railways of France. The invention is placed on the engine. If the driver, for any cause, passes an adverse danger signal the apparatus blows a whistle continuously, and also throws up a small light under the engine driver's nose. This will render all accidents, except wilful ones, impossible.

One hundred and fifty Turkish troops attacked a Bulgarian post, near Saratash. One Bulgarian was killed and several were wounded. The Bulgarian garrison is being reinforced by two companies of soldiers.

Since the outbreak of cholera at Manila there have been 50 cases, and 72 deaths from that disease reported.

The Harmonics

AT MORRISTOWN AND BROCKVILLE.

20 Souls for Salvation, 10 for Sanctification—The Harmonic Revivalists Conduct a Revival Service in the M. E. Church, at Morristown, N.Y.

The Rev. Mr. Best, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Morristown, N.Y., invited the Harmonic Revivalists to conduct some services in his church, and we responded to the call. The troupe was piloted across the ice of the St. Lawrence by Capt. Clark, of Brockville, on Monday night. When we reached the church, we found it full and the congregation enjoying a solo being sung by Capt. Bloss, who, with Cadet Duncan had gone over in the afternoon. The minister being loved by his people, and an open friend of the Salvation Army, we felt perfectly at home in the church, where liberty was given us to do just as we pleased. Our music and songs were enjoyed and taken up heartily, and as God's Word was read the people drank in the truth, it penetrating to the hearts of many. The minister then had a few words of exhortation, telling his congregation he had been praying that our visit might result in the salvation of many souls, and so it was. There was weeping all over the place, and people started to come in ones and twos, until nine or ten were seeking God's salvation. It was beautiful to see the church members dealing with the souls at the altar, many of them testifying to not only the saving power of God, but the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit. This meeting was so successful that we promised to come over and do a holiness meeting in the afternoon and another salvation meeting at night. Capt. Clark and Cadet Duncan conducted the afternoon holiness meeting on Friday, some ten seeking the blessing of a clean heart. We were unable to get over until close of same, but it was a nice sight to see those seeking more of God. The rain which had been coming down all the afternoon literally poured at night, but in spite of this the church was comfortably filled. We had a beautiful meeting. Mrs. Ensign Bloss read the lesson, showing how necessary it was to strive to enter in at the straight gate. Again at the close seekers came forward, amongst them were some children, until eleven more penitents were crying for mercy, and we thanked God for the privilege of leading souls to Him.

Those who had come forward in the meeting testified to the saving power of God in the after-meeting. The minister was happy and rejoiced, and thanked us for our visit. They gave us \$3 in two collections. It was a very dangerous thing crossing the ice on the St. Lawrence, so that the second night we had to wait until the morning, and then at places there was a foot of water on the ice, and hundreds of feet below, but the Lord protected us and brought us safely over, for which we thanked Him.—F. R. Bloss, Ensign.

Brockville.

We arrived at Brockville on Friday. Capt. Clark, the officer in charge, came up to the depot to meet us, and the Captain said he was thankful we had come. We did our best for God and souls. The first two nights no one yielded.

On Sunday we were up bright and early for kneedrill. A night-watchman, who was passing on his way home to breakfast, heard the singing, came upstairs, and got such a blessing that he said it was worth a quarter. Sunday was a tough night from start to finish. One surrenders to God. On Monday night we went across to Morristown, and held a meeting in the M. E. Church. Everybody was delighted. Nine souls sought pardon of their sins. We came home feeling delighted we had helped our Methodist comrades. One old lady in particular said, "Why, this is like old times."

We also paid a visit to Algonquin. We started to drive about 3 p.m. a distance of twelve miles. It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining on the snowbanks, which were as high as the fences. When we reached the village we saw the flag out on the

fence, which indicated there was a meeting on that night. Lieut. Duncan and Bro. Baster were cleaning up the barracks. I might say this building is a great credit to the soldiers and friends out at Algonquin. We had a lively meeting, lots of music, and we praised home the truth, which fell into good ground. After meeting was had a drive of twelve miles, over hills down in the valleys, and through the bushes, arriving at Brockville at 1:30 a.m.

On Saturday we welcomed Captain Grose, who has been away from the troupe for a couple of weeks, seeing his friends before he goes to India. We had a rousing time on Saturday night, and all day Sunday. Captain Grose farewelled on Sunday night. He said he had thought of India for a good many years, and felt led by God to go and work as a missionary, and he was glad the Commissioner had accepted him. We all wish the Captain success in that far-off country, and pray that God will bless his labors.

Monday night was our last meeting in Brockville. We were reinforced by Capt. Poole, G.B.M., who rendered good assistance on the corner. We had quite a band, in fact the people thought their town band had turned out, but we reminded them that the Army was not dead. After the meeting coffee and cake were served, a splendid crowd attended. We left Brockville for Kemptonville. More news to follow.—T. B.

THROUGH CHATHAM DISTRICT

On Tuesday, March 4th, I started for a trip through part of the District. The first place visited was

Ridgeway.

I was met by Ensign Hordington who conducted me to the home of Mother Walt, with whom I was to stay, and where I felt very much at home. At night a very nice crowd gathered at the hall, but while the meeting was going on the fire alarm sounded, and our audience left us in a hurry. Nevertheless, we had a good, profitable meeting, and God was glorified. The next morning I boarded the cars for

Bienheim.

Capt. Greenwood was at the station all smiles. We were pleased to see each other again, having fought some battles together in the past. The day was spent in correspondence and correspondence. 745 finds us in the open air, about twenty strong. At the barracks we had a good lively pitch-in. In the prayer meeting one sister held up her hand for prayer. I very much enjoyed my visit to the corps. There are many good, faithful soldiers, and all that is needed is a general revival in the soul-saving line.

Leamington.

Is my next stopping-place. Capt. Coy plied me to the quarters, where I received a hearty welcome from dear Mrs. Coy, whom I was pleased to see looking so well, and the two dear little children. In spite of counter attractions, we had a lovely open-air, and a splendid time inside, with a very nice crowd present. I had the pleasure of dedicating to the Lord Ida, the infant daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Coy. Both the Captain and Mrs. Coy expressed their determination that their little girl should be trained for God and the Army. We did our best to get someone to settle the matter with God, but none would yield. God is giving the Captain victory. A number of souls have been saved since the Siege began, as well as a number of officers. One man was added to the roll, and there are more to follow.

Essex.

I wanted my way to the quarters here, where I found Ensign and Mrs. Jarvis. The Ensign is a busy man, and a thorough believer in work. The morning I arrived at the quarters I found him as busy as ever. What a change has taken place in Army circles since I visited this corps a few years ago. A general revival broke out when the Soul-Saving Troupe visited the town some weeks ago, and scores of souls have come to God, which has put new life into the corps. The barracks and quarters have had a general over-hauling, which is making a great improvement all round.

We had an old-time meeting at night. Four recruits stood beneath the colors and were enrolled as soldiers, and six Locals were commissioned. At the close of this meeting we conducted a census meeting, when nine more were added to the roll. Ensign and Mrs. Jarvis are right at home with the people of Essex, and the writer thinks Essex is all right. The Saturday and Sunday I spent with Ensign and Mrs. Hordington, at

Windsor.

and to say I enjoyed my visit here is a mild way of putting it. I was pleased to meet so many comrades of days gone by who are still fighting the battles of the Lord. Sunday afternoon was one of the best meetings I have seen the writer's privilege of attending for some time. At the close a Junior sought the Lord. At night we had a suit fight, but came off victorious, and three souls sought the salvation of the Lord. Ensign and Mrs. Hordington are doing their best for the salvation of the people, and God is rewarding them by giving them a good number of souls. On Monday afternoon, accompanied by Ensign Hordington, we visited dear Major B. B. Cox, in the county jail, Detroit. The Major is spending a term in jail for preaching Jesus in the open air. As we knelt in prayer in the cell God drew near and blessed us. We left the prison with the Major's words ringing in our ears, "I was in prison and ye visited me."

On Tuesday morning I returned to Chatham, having spent a very profitable week, doing my best for God and souls. Regarding the Siege, the Chatham District will come out on top, of which you will hear more later.—Jas. McHarg, D. O.

Wedding and Farewell

AT BERMUDA.

We had just concluded the special series of meetings held by our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Sharp and Staff-Capt. Howell, when we were called upon to conduct a wedding service. Two of our most faithful soldiers, Bro. T. Harvie and Sister Lucy Richardson, were united under the yellow, red, and blue. The large crowd attending, in spite of the frequency of public weddings in Bermuda, showed the estimation in which our comrades are held. Rev. Mr. Shirley, a warm friend of the Army, tied the knot. The Junior was a prominent part in the service, the bride being a Junior worker. Two little girls assisted the bridesmaid in doing the honors of the occasion, presenting each Junior with a piece of wedding cake.

The bride and bridegroom made very becoming addresses. Capt. McLeod and Serk-Major Smith sang a duet, "Because Thy Word is Truth," which had much to the good effect of the meeting. The Rev. Mr. Shirley and Sergt-Major Groener congratulated the happy couple, and made an appeal to sinners to give themselves to God. A few days after our faithful brother, Wallace Whitely, farewelled for the Territorial Training Home. Many spoke of the blessing he had been to them. We pray that the same grace and power that God has given him in Bermuda may be continually bestowed upon him, making him equal to all the responsibilities and difficulties of an officer's life.

We are marching on to victory. The Corps-Cadet Brigade is increasing. Capt. McLeod is becoming a great War Cry boomer, selling more War Cris in one day than any previous officer stationed in Bermuda. The Siege is progressing.—M. Graham, D. O.

A Backslider Came Home.

St. George's, Ber.—Our crowds are increasing, and a few souls have been won for the Master. Also the Junior work is steadily advancing, and ten have already sought the Saviour. Our meetings on Sunday were all that could be desired. Capt. Prince gave a fine of his interesting Bible talks, which was enjoyed by all. One backslider came home. Capt. Payne, of the Somerset corps, has also paid us a visit, and after speaking and singing was appreciated very much. We are looking forward to greater times in the future.—Corps-Cadet E. Astill.

EASTERN HARVESTERS.

Moncton Revived—Forty-Five Seekers—Two Horse-Traders and an ex-Captain Among the Number—Ministers Clap Their Hands for Joy.

Well sir, you talk about good times, but we have been having them here in Moncton. I never seen it fall yet on our farm, if you sow wheat you'll raise wheat, and if you sow chaff you'll grow nothin. I tell you, there has been a good lot of seed-sown here, and they been waitin' for it, and now God is given the increase. We have been havin' some of the most powerful metens I ever was at, with the bidden packed to the door like smoke in a net. It would do your heart good to look around at the seekers on the platform, and see them there, some of them after seventeen years of fightin for God. The presence of God was felt very near in the metens, so much so that the Christians belonged to the other church what was in the hall, jumped to their feet, shoutin and clappen their hands. One woman said, "Glory to God, I'm glad I got it. It's good, it's good!" The soldiers were at the back of the fire spread, and when the fire of God the Holy Ghost is around it gets too hot for the devil. He may be able to stand his own fire, but he can't stand that kind of fire. This was proved in our metens by the many souls who, by the power of God the Holy Ghost, were set at liberty.

Ten Souls Sunday Night.

Our Sunday metens began with a march at 6:45 a.m., and thirty-seven at kneedrill, where the fire was kindled. At 11 a.m. it was gotten pretty warm; 3 p.m. very hot, and one soul was set free. 8 p.m. white heat, everyone on fire. No standing room over one hundred turned away. Baptist and Mission ministers present, clapping their hands for joy. We held on to God by mighty faith, and the Lord began to come. Down dropped a sinner, here comes a backslider, all they come, here comes two brothers (horse-traders from thirty miles in the country), here comes a man from the back of the hall with a broken heart, tears fill his eyes, he cries, "O God, help me!" Who is he? He is an ex-Captain, who left the Army work ten years ago, lost his experience, lost his Christ, lived a backslider's life deep in sin, never has found peace in the world, now returns to God. Here comes two young men, all the way from Sackville. Praise God! How many is that to-night? Ten, yes! souls. Is heaven rejoicin? Yes, yes! Say halletujah!

A Great Musicales.

We wound up with a great musical meten on Tuesday night. Hall packed out, music grand. We were greatly assisted by the Band of Love children with their drills, also by Adjts. Byers, and Cadet Hagan, who took a prominent part in the meten. One soul surrendered. We finished up our ten days' campaign feelin that God was pleased with our efforts, and also very thankful for the wonderful victories He gave us. Some of the results of our fourteen days' metens are 31 souls for salvation; 33 for holiness; 2,584 attendance indoors; 210 attendance in open-air; finances extra high, the people gave very liberally.

I wish Farmer Tom could find some words to express the appreciation of the troupe for all the kindness shown us by Adjts. Byers, Cadet Hagan, and the dear soldiers of Moncton. We can only say, "God bless, prosper, and reward them for it all." Here we are at the station, the train is four and a half hour late, but cheer up, comrades, yonder it comes. Good-bye all can kind friends, we must turn our faces towards Campbellton and the people of the north. We are all in good trim for a big victory up there.—Farmer Tom.

They hear but half who hear one party only.—Aeschylus.

There is no question that the surest and sanest influence that can come into the life of man or woman is that which is brought therein by a child.—April Ladies' Home Journal.



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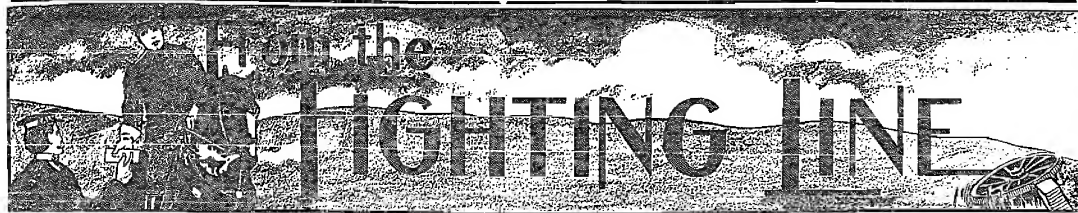
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"Them's the Good Meetin's."
Annapolis.—"Sure, Mrs. O'Flannigan, an' can it be you?"
"That's flat who it is then, Mrs. McCarthy; it's the first day I crossed the doorstep this fortnight."
"It's meself, sure, that missed you, Mrs. O'Flannigan, an' right glad I am to 'ave met ye."
"Yis, I've been allin' wid the grippe goin' on two weeks; who is that Salvation gal, Mrs. McCarthy?"
"That's Ensign Brown, an' a good woman she is, too. I attends to her meetin's every night, an' them's the good meetin's, Mrs. O'Flannigan."
"Weren't there another Ensign to the Army last week?"
"That there was, a Ensign Piercy, an' gave us a magic lantern service, 'A Mother's Love,' an' it was a touchin' one. Folks took out their handkerchiefs an' wiped away the fallin' tears; an' he was there all Sunday, an' spoke so feelin'. Lieut. Riley was there too, he played a mandolin and guitar, an' sang sich beautiful pieces. There was wan I want ye'd heard, Mrs. O'Flannigan, 'My name in mother's prayer.' The Lieutenant took the lead on Tuesday night, an' there was a big crowd. Two souls have been for to git saved. I believe there'll be more yet. The Salvationers is doin' a good work in Annapolis, in spite of their hardships. Good-day, Mrs. O'Flannigan."
"Good-bye to ye, Mrs. McCarthy. Come an' see me some toime."
"That I will, Mrs. O'Flannigan."—B. Bitters.

A Temperance Meeting.
Blenheim.—The comrades are rally- ing up well to the marches and open- airs. A sister, who has recently been bereaved of her infant child, and at one time was a soldier, felt the call to again renew her covenant with God, and meet her little one in heaven. On Sunday night we were reinforced by Comrade Dunkley, of Chatham, who labored in the band. After the meet- ing a temperance mass meeting was held in the Opera House, the Army taking part, and our band furnished the music.—Ina Groom.

Three Recruits Enrolled.
Bridgewater.—Since last report we have had a visit from Eusebio Pley, who was with us for Saturday and Sunday. The lantern service was a success. A big crowd was present on Sunday afternoon, and we had an enrolment of three recruits. On Mon- day night Capt. Tatom was with us, and we had a good meeting. God is working.—Sergt. Major.

The Barracks was Full.
Brooklyn.—We had with us last Thursday Brigadier Pickering and the Hand-Bell Ringers. The barracks was full, and the people were well pleased.

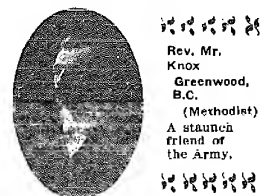


Capt. Uquhart and Lt. White, Digby, Nova Scotia.

We all say, come again, Brigadier, and bring your family with you.—Lieut. Markell.

A Pie Social.
Chatham.—On Thursday night we had a pie social, which was a success, and we were able to make the debt look small. Our crowds are increas- ing, and finances also. The Siege is in full swing, but it is a hard fight. We are determined never to give in, and before long we trust we will have the joy of seeing many souls crying to God for mercy. Look out for next re- port.—Sergt. Major Harding.

A Good Announcement.
Calais.—One soul Sunday night. En- sign Williams, Capt. Kirk, and St. Stephen officers and soldiers were with us on Wednesday night. Capt. Parsons and Kirk, dressed in yellow, red, and blue, with umbrella and "Nor-Wester," did well in announcing the meeting and drawing large crowds



to the open-air, by running, shouting, and marching for half-an-hour. The result was a full house and \$8 col- lection. String band to the front. The Ensign, upheld by God, did well. His subject, "The Madman's Actions," was a good one, and his little talk very impressive. The wanderer returned to God. Thus, ended one of the best meetings we have had for years.— Mrs. Capt. Parsons.

Eight Souls for the Week.
Dildo.—God is indeed with us, and we are having the victory. On Sun- day we had the joy of seeing six souls coming to Jesus. We can report eight for the week. Our soldiers are all on fire for souls. Lieut. Smith has come to help on the war. With Christ we shall win.—J. Jiggs, Capt.

A Good Record.
Emerson.—We have just conducted some meetings at St. Georgeville. Had good times and five souls. I have said good-bye to the kind people of Em- erson Circle. Quite a few advances have been made. There were two places worked when taking command, and I left four in good working order. Twenty-two souls were saved, and the income was over \$40 in three and a half months, for which we praise God. Capt. Embertson takes command.— Yours in the war, F. C. Hunt, C.O.

Four at the Cross.
Hamilton It.—Sunday was a day of blessing. In the holiness meeting two came to the Mercy Seat and sought the fulness of His love. At night Bro. Grey spoke a few words of en- couragement to us, which were very much appreciated. He also went lan- cing for souls in the prayer meeting, and we closed with two more at the pentost form crying for mercy. We are in to make the last week of the Siege the very best we have had.— Froggie.

Eighteen Seek Christ.
Heart's Delight.—Sunday was a day of power, and we closed at night with two souls in the fountain. On Monday and Tuesday we had with us our D.O.,

Ensign Brown. The Ensign had a graphophone service, which was en- joyed by all. "Almost persuaded," went home to the hearts of many. On Wednesday night six souls sought and found pardon; five of them were never saved before. This makes a total of eighteen since last report. We are going to have an enrolment next week, when some of the converts will take their stand as soldiers. God bless them. We shall go over the Siege target.—Capt. L. Hebditch.

After Six Years' Wanderings.
Herring Neck.—Since last report three more have stepped into the light of God's salvation. One was a back- slider six years, but he has proved that the cleansing current has lost none of its power. Another who had never before proved God's power to save, can now rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ has made her free. We have unwavering faith in the prom- ises of God.—S. French, Lieut.

Dedication Service.
Larimore.—On Thursday, the 13th, we had a dedication service, when Sergt. Major and Mrs. Sitter's baby was given to the Lord. The service was conducted by Ensign Wilkins, and was a very impressive one. The Holy Spirit was in the meeting from start to finish. A service of this kind had never been conducted in the town since the Army came, and the people were very much interested. We had a crowded hall and a good collection. Our man held up his hand to be pray- ed for.—Lieut. J. Neilas.

Three Desire Our Prayers.
S. A. Lighthouse.—We were highly favored on Sunday by having a visit from our Chancellor, Adjt. Creighton. We were all delighted to see him. Our meetings are still attended by a good crowd of men who generally frequent the Institution and are glad to learn something real about the story of the cross. The Adjutant's Bible talk was full of sharp points, which kept it alive with the greatest interest and blessing possible. It was plain, defia- ble, and heart-searching, and, as an evidence of its reaching the desired spot, three dear men held up their hands for prayer. We all look for- ward with joyful anticipation for a speedy visit from the Adjutant.—En- sign W. E. Parsons.

Danced Her Hat Off.
Little Bay.—For four months we have been sowing the seed. The Bible says, "We shall reap if we faint not," and, thank God, we have proved this promise true. On Friday night one sought the cleansing fountain, and on Sunday a sister got gloriously saved, and became so happy that she danced her hat off, and went home rejoicing in the Lord.—A Friend.

Twenty-Four Souls.
Little Ward's Harbor.—On Sunday night three backsliders came to the cross, and got wonderfully saved. God is doing a great work. Twenty-four souls have knelt at the Mercy Seat recently, and we are still belling for greater victories.—D. O.

Seven Children Saved.
Medicine Hat.—We are still march- ing on to victory. Since last report several souls have been saved, includ- ing seven children. We are trusting in God and fighting in His strength alone. We are confident of greater victories in the future.—"Heck."

Four Found Pardon.
Musgravetown.—On Sunday the Lord came very near and blessed us, from seven in the morning until late at night, and four precious souls found pardon.—T.A.R.R.

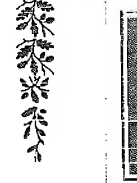
Work Is Progressing.
Ottawa.—The open-air services held by the Salvation Army on Sunday afternoon and night, appear to be greatly appreciated by many people. Crowds gather at the postoffice for each meeting, and listen very atten- tively. The meetings in the barracks were very interesting yesterday; the attendance was large at all the ser- vices. Last night Ensign Bloss took the meeting and made a very interest- ing address. The meetings this week will be of a special character. The monthly meeting of the Band of Love will be held on Wednesday night, when refreshments will be served by the members; Thursday night the Rescue Home officers will have charge, the Ensign going to Perth for the meeting that night.—Evening Journal.

Husband and Wife Saved.
Purry Sound.—We have had the time of our meetings changed from eight to seven. We are having good crowds, and seven have sought the Saviour, among the number a husband and wife knelt with broken hearts and cried for mercy.—Sergt. Howell.

Through a Blinding Snow-Storm.
Portage la Prairie.—A terrible storm has been raging here for two days, making it impossible to be out of doors for any length of time. Some of our soldiers, however, being de- termined to hold the fort, made their way through the blinding snow-storm to the barracks, and dealt faithfully with the few earnest souls present. Out of ten people, two came to God in the afternoon meeting, and at night a backslider came home. The next



Bro. William Garbutt and his bride, recently married at Bracebridge.



day this dear lad was taken to the hospital very sick, but he was rejoic- ing because his peace was made with God.—R. C.

The Captain Farewells.
Prince Albert.—After eight months of faithful service for the extension of God's Kingdom, and in the interest of Prince Albert corps, we have said goodbye to Capt. N. Myers. Since she has been in our midst we have learned to love her. She has worked faithfully for the Lord, and we know that God will abundantly bless her. We have had Ensign Staiger, of Win- nipeg, with us for the past week, who was a great blessing to the corps, and altogether we are having glorious times.—Hallelujah Frenchman.

A Convert Helps Nobly.
St. Johnsbury.—Capt. Crogo is hold- ing the fort alone at present. We would like to mention, however, that

Bro. Prim, a young man who gave himself to the Lord while Major Galt was here, has been helping the Captain nobly. Last week he sold about 100 War Crys. While looking for work he improved the time working for the Lord. We are sorry at the prospect of soon losing our Captain, who has done well here. We shall miss his help in our little band, as he can do good work with a horn or stringed instruments.—W. C. R.

Direct Answer to Prayer.

St. Stephen—God is blessing us, and giving us victory. On Sunday night our hall was full, and two young men came to the Mercy Seat. On Thursday night our prayers were answered when five came forward and made a full surrender. One of the young men who was saved on Sunday night said he had not been in a religious meeting of any kind for more than seven years, until Wednesday night, when he went to the meeting in Calais, led by our D.O., Ensign Williams. There he was convicted of his sins and felt a desire to live a better life. When the Ensign asked those who were unsaved to raise their hand, our brother raised his. Capt. Martin talked to him, but although deeply impressed, would not surrender. Next night he came to the meeting in St. Stephen, and was almost persuaded, and on Sunday night, with a companion, he came to the Mercy Seat, and, for the first time, prayed for forgiveness. They are both getting along well, coming to the meetings every night, and testifying to the power of God to save and keep. God has also wonderfully used them in leading another of their companions to the Mercy Seat. During the past seven months we have proved many times that God does send direct answer to the united, believing prayers of His children.—Soldier.

Chancellor's Visit—Eleven Souls.

Temple.—The first visit of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Cass to the Temple, last weekend, was crowned with abundant success. The weather was all that could be desired, consequently the number attending the marches and open-air was large. Especially was this true of the afternoon and night meetings held outside. The inside crowds were splendid, good attention, interest away up. The afternoon meeting was a real lively free-and-easy. The singing by the new Chancellor and wife was much enjoyed. "Why Christ came," by the Staff-Captain at night was a powerful deliverance, and brought to many minds the necessity of accepting Christ immediately. The visible results for the day's efforts were eleven souls—three in the morning, and eight at night. Finances were also very good for the day. The Siege has been a booming success in many respects.—G. W. P.

Moved to Conviction.

Turro.—On Friday night we had with us our old friend, Ensign Percy, the T.F.S. He favored us with a lantern service, which was a very touching story, entitled, "For Mother's Sake." Although the weather was rather unfavorable, we had a nice crowd, and the service was very much appreciated, some being moved to conviction.—E. J. Strothard, Lieut.

Forty Souls in Two Weeks.

Twillingate.—One of our soldiers who has opened her house for meetings, has had the joy of seeing nineteen converted, making a total of forty seekers during the past two weeks.—Yours for God and souls and the Victory, A. B. R. S., M. Y.

A Glorious Warfare.

Victoria.—The Salvation Army in Victoria is marching on to victory. We have welcomed Capt. Walruth into our midst, who already has a good hold of the corps. Souls are being saved. There is a splendid crowd of people who attend our open-air and inside meetings, and also give liberally to the collections. It is a glorious warfare to be engaged in, and by the grace of God we intend to push the battle through to the gates.—Sergt. W. H. Shillinglaw.

The War is Booming.

Whitcomb.—Three Seniors and nine Juniors captured since last report. We are laying siege for greater victories, and urging every soldier to stand firm.

If they do we feel that many more will lay down their arms of rebellion, and come over on the Lord's side.—Adj. Blackburn.

Memorial Service.

Yorkville.—Truly the Lord is our Helper and we are having victory. On Sunday we had the best number out for knee-drill that we have had for years. At night we had a memorial service for the late Mrs. Ensign Jones, who was stationed here three years ago. Comrades were able to speak of her devotion and faithfulness, and one soul sought Christ at the close.—J. McCann.

G. B. M. Notes.

East Ontario Province.

By CAPTAIN POOLE.

Many victories have been won during the past year by our Light Brigade agents. Ottawa for 1901 takes her place at the top. Our Brigade here is composed of Mrs. Heath, Mrs. Dudley and Mrs. Osmond. The returns from the twelve best corps for the year are as follows:

Ottawa, \$40.38; Barre, \$29.58; Quebec, \$24.61; Twined, \$18.77; Cornwall, \$14.18; Brockville, \$12.73; Belleville, \$12.32; Peterboro, \$12.73; Burlington, \$11.67; Montreal II, \$11.31; Montreal I, \$10.92; Gananoque, \$10.85.

A number of others have done well, but space will not permit us to mention all.

The following corps have recently been visited:

Napanee.

We had a splendid time here. Lieut. Gates knew how to boom a lantern service. He offered a prize to the one who sold the most tickets, and a larger amount was secured than for several quarters. The work is in a flourishing condition.

Odesa.

Here I spent the week-end. Mr. Rose, the Local Agent, is ill. The returns were remitted by post. Souls have been converted, and several additions to the corps have been made. A number of young men are taking their stand for God.

Kington.

Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Pollett and Sister Carr, the locals for Kington, ask the co-operation of all in their work. We are confident that many kind friends of Kington are coming to our help. The last returns amounted to \$5.80.

Gananoque.

Mrs. Lalonde is doing a valiant fight. New box-holders are being secured and a fruitful harvest is anticipated.

Brockville.

What a triumph here. Comparing this quarter with the March quarter last year, we find returns have been doubled, all but sixteen cents. Sister M. White is rendering good service. A half-dozen new boxes are being placed in business houses.

Morrisburg.

Our L.A. had gone to Montreal. Captain Hicks kindly called in the boxes and a good amount was secured.

Prescott.

During our previous visit a number of new box-holders were secured. Miss A. Ransom being one of the number. Miss Ransom's box contained \$2. These are the box-holders that show their charity in a practical manner. Mrs. W. Burt was appointed as the new L.A., and had more boxes out before I left. This quarter exceeds last year.

Cornwall.

I had not reached the quarters before I met Brother Omer. One of the first things he mentioned was the new L.A. work. He brought a number of dollar bills from his pocket, stating that this quarter was the best yet. Mr. Gibbs of the Crossby House is the champion box-holder for Cornwall. Mr. Gibbs is not afraid to remind his patrons of poor Lazarus. Mrs. Webb came second. We admire the interest these dear friends have taken in their boxes. I had the pleasure of meeting

Major Galt and Capt. Le Drew, who were doing a week-end here. In the open-air we were reinforced by Capt. Owens, P. F. S. What a time we did have. The street corner was blocked. I am sorry to have to say I found Mrs. Adj. Newman very ill and in the Hospital.

Territorial G. B. M. Notes.

By A NEW HAND.

Bro. Miron, our G. B. M. Agent at Fernie, B.C., challenges any other agent in the entire country for the June quarter. We shall await with much interest the acceptance of this challenge. Where is a G. B. M. Agent who dares to do this? Ensign Andrews is justly proud of this dear brother of his Pacific flock.

Adj. Keaway, on his return visit to Seaford, found that our two agents there have had sickness in their homes. The collection for last quarter was very good in spite of this. The Adjutant reports a number of souls having sought Christ in his meetings recently.

We must make some mention of the fact, although late, that on the occasion of Adjutant Keaway's last visit to Kingsville he found Father and Mother Broadwell had collected \$18.68 for the quarter. How is that for a couple over sixty years of age, and no corps at Kingsville?

We continue to hear nice things said about the Enterprise, which we greatly appreciate. A sister says she has been helped much by reading this interesting semi-quarterly publication. Local Agents, do you always get a copy? If not communicate with your Provincial Agent.

A sister, speaking of our new business-house boxes, says: "I think you have made a box that will be safe and secure." She says that one man used to shake the money out of the old kind and buy drink with it. But our new boxes seem to fill the bill pretty well.

A dear fellow, who had been saved only a short time, said that he was going to put his cigarette money into his box. What a contrast in the two receptacles—the tobaccoist's drawer and the Grace Before Meat Box! Not to speak of the contrast in results.

The mother of one of our Agents places her head beside the milk jug on the door step once a week, and the milkman drops in two cents.

Ensign Andrews, the Pacific T.F.S., is enthusiastic over his magnificent accomplishments for this quarter. He says the income for Nelson this quarter is more than double what it was last year. Fernie has trebled her income. Bravo, comrades!

L. A. Coombs, Portage la Prairie, is giving a prize for the best box-holder in his district for the June quarter.

Mrs. Royle of Carberry secured \$1.50 in her box for last quarter. She keeps the box on the table in the boarding-house. We have no agent here, too.

Ensign Stalgar says in a recent letter on his visit to Neepawa: "I met here an old friend, Bro. J. R. Sudaby, who was for many years a soldier of the Palmerston corps. Although he is too far away from any corps to attend the Army now, he is still well saved and as thorough a Salvationist as ever. It is four years since Bro. Sudaby was in an Army meeting. We are sure the brother's old comrades will be pleased to hear this."

Mrs. St. John of Minnedosa secured \$2.27 for her first quarter. Next quarter she intends to leave this amount far behind. Still it is very good for a start.

Adjutant Perry, Ensign Percy and Captain Poole are going ahead full steam up.—G. W. P.

SPIRITUAL SPECIALS.

Major Galt Visits Ogdensburg.—A Warm Welcome—The Methodist Church Filled.

The American people were highly delighted to see Major Galt. Her visit had been announced in three churches, and nearly everybody had heard the news that the Major would speak in the Methodist Church on Friday night at 8 o'clock. Long before the time the people were thronging from all directions, and making their way to the church. Ensign Bushy, from Prescott, and Capt. Bloss led the open-air, and a rousing time it was indeed. A splendid crowd had gathered inside, and we felt quite at home. The meetings were soon going in full swing. Many testified to God's goodness and the way in which they found the Saviour, among the number being Bro. Flynn, who kindly entertained the Major. He said he had great reason to praise the Lord, and also thanked God for the Salvation Army, and for the noble work they were doing. Capt. LeDrew, the Major's assistant, appeared a few minutes on the line of salvation. Master Galt and Capt. Bloss sang together, "Salvation for the working-classes." The offering was then taken up, and the people gave quite liberally. The Major spoke a few words concerning the working classes, and said she hoped we all belonged to that class. To illustrate her point she related the following incident:

"An Englishman came to the United States and asked if there were any aristocrats in the country. The Yankee, quite surprised, asked what he meant by aristocrats. 'Oh,' replied the Englishman, 'those people who don't work.' " "said the Yankee, 'we call those people tramps.' " "Buying and selling the truth," was the Major's subject, and the people were held in amazement and wonderment at her address. The Spirit of God was convicted of sin, and it was a heart-searching time. How true it is when we bring ourselves in contact with the Divine, we see our sinfulness and wrong-doing. It pays to stand by the truth. Business men, lawyers, doctors, and many other leading men of the city, who were present, drank in the truth, as they sat in their seats. At the close of our meeting one young man came from the back of the church to give himself to God. It was a beautiful sight. After the meeting many came to the front to shake hands with the Major, and expressed their appreciation concerning the meeting. They only wished the Major could stay longer.

We desire to thank the Rev. Mr. Loucks and the members for their church. May God bless the people of Ogdensburg. The corps is doing well under the supervision of Capt. Bush and Lieut. Carpenter.—Capt. Bloss.

T. H. Staff and the Cadets at the Temple.

(Special.)

The visit of Staff-Captain Stanyon, with the Training Home Staff and Cadets, to the Temple last week-end was a glorious success. Saturday night good stars off in the open-air, with sunrise prayer meeting, at 6.30, on Sunday, was attended by many people, with about fifty on the march. The Cadets worked like Trojans, and helped in a very considerable manner to make the meetings such a gratifying success. Their singing was highly appreciated. The sermons on Sunday afternoon were interesting. The crowds attending the several meetings were much above the average. The Jubilee Hall was used Sunday afternoon, and a large crowd assembled on Sunday night. The singing and the finances were magnificent, and, best of all, thirteen souls for the week-end. Very sympathetic references were made at all the meetings to the regrettable accident to Troop Willie. The Training Staff and Cadets will always be welcome at the Temple. Universal regret was expressed on all sides at Mrs. Stanyon's inability to be present on Sunday, but who was given a hearty reception on the Monday night.—G. W. P.

OVER JO

PROMOTED TO

Turro, N.S.—Little when we parted with



evening of March 13, and down in the coal mine when the sad accident took his life.

We do not mourn as if there were no hope, for we know faithful as he was we comrade in heaven.

Bro. Sweet was saved months ago, and since then been a faithful worker. His last letter to his wife Jesus was with him, and Friend. He also told us to God, and to carry it she had just taken up.

Our brother left behind two children, and also father and seven brothers to mourn their loss. We will comfort and uphold sad bereavement.

We gave our dear Army friends, and a group of friends turned out to the service, which was conducted by Cooper, from Springfield. Capt. Smith, Lieut. S. Cand. Simmons.

At the memorial service night there was deep sorrow as we bellow his death will of saving many souls. R. it.—Capt. N. Smith.

GONE TO HEAVEN

Campbellton.—We are to report the death of our dear friend, Bro. Vineham, our Sergt-Major. She a few days. During her life she found Jesus precious, and she died she told us she heaven, and desired us there. We will miss her, but our loss is heaven's gain. God bless and comfort ones.—J. L. D.

CALLED HIGH

Mrs. T. Calhoun, formerly Florrie Irvine, gone.

On returning to the Saturday evening, March 13, received the following wire:

"My wife died last night and was buried this morning.—T. A. Calhoun.

The reply was sent, I sorrow and how swift of the past swept before us comrades and friends her our dear comrade, Mrs. Calhoun. I am sure and children, Frank, Lou, have the sympathy and the comrades.

Many old friends and remember dear Mrs. Cal Florrie Irvine, who was several places in Ontario. Brunswick.

Years of faithful service in the ranks of our Newfoundland and little the Dominion.

Some nine years ago after being together for 1 in the Ottawa Division. was born in the Empire years ago this April. I of giving him to God. The highest tribute any comrade in whom

Left: Ogdenburg—A
me—The Methodist
arch Filled.

n people were highly
e Major Galt. Her
e announced in three
nearly everybody had
t that the Major would
Methodist Church on
e 8 o'clock. Long be-
e people were through
directions, and making
a church. Ensign Brad-
scott, and Capt. Bloss
r, and a rousing time it
a splendid crowd had
a, and we felt quite at
ings was soon going in
any terrified to God's
the way in which they
or, among the number
umb, who kindly enter-
d. He said he had
e praise the Lord, and
God for the Salvation
e noble work they
d. The Major spoke
e for a few minutes on
vation. Major Galt and
g together, "Salvation
e-classes." The offering
n up, and the people
rally. The Major spoke
concerning the working
aid she hoped we all
st class. To illustrate
related the following

man came to the United
ked if there were any
the country. The Yan-
prised, asked what he
stocrats. "Oh," replied
n, "those people who
e. "Why," said the Yan-
e, "people tramps."
e selling the truth,"
e unheeded, and the people
amazement and wonder-
e addressed. The spirit of
e of sin, and it was
ing ourselves in contact
e, we see our sinfulness
e. It pays to stand by
e. Business men, lawyers,
any other leading men
who were present, drank
e they sat in their seats.
e our meeting one young
e in the back of the church
e to God. It was a beau-
e after the meeting many
e to shake hands with
e and expressed their ap-
e concerning the meeting.
e the Major could
e to thank the Rev. Mr.
e the members for their
e God bless the people of
e The corps is doing well
e provision of Capt. Ash
e Carpenter—Capt. Bloss.

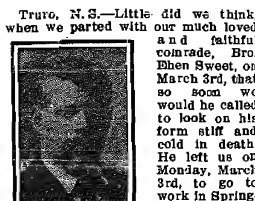
and the Cadets at the Temple.

(Special.)

et Staff-Captain Stanton,
ning Home Staff and Cad-
e Temple last week-end was
e to God. It was a beau-
e Saturday night
e it in the open-air, with
e in salvation inside. Easter
e meeting, at 8.30, on
e attended by ninety peo-
e, not fifty on the march.
e crowded like Trojans, and
e very considerable manner
e meetings such a gratify-
e Their singing was lively
e The sermonettes of Sun-
e were interesting. The
e the several meetings
e above the average. The
e was held Sunday after-
e noon crowded assembled on
e in the big hall. The in-
e magnificent, and, best of
e souls for the week-end.
e pathetic references were
e the meetings to the re-
e. The President, Mr. Willie
e Training Staff and Cadets
e was expressed on the re-
e Stanton's inability to
e a Sunday, but she was
e of consolation on the Mon-
e, W. P.

OVER JORDAN.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.



Truro, N.S.—Little did we think,
when we parted with our much loved
a faithful
comrade, Bro.
Eben Sweet, on
March 3rd, that
so soon we
would be called
to look on his
form still and
cold in death.
He left us on
Monday, March
3rd, to go to
work in Spring-
hill, and on the
evening of March 13, as he was going
down in the coal mine to work he met
was the sad accident which caused
his death.

We do not mourn as those who have
no hope, for we know if we are as
faithful as he was we will meet our
comrade in heaven.

Bro. Sweet was saved about seven
months ago, and since that time he has
been a faithful worker for God. In
his last letter to his wife he said that
Jesus was with him, and was his best
friend. He also told her to be true
to God, and to carry the cross that
she had just taken up.

Our brother left behind him a wife
and two children, also a mother and
father and seven brothers and sisters
to mourn their loss. We pray that God
will comfort and uphold them in their
sad bereavement.

We gave our dear comrade a real
Army funeral, and a great number of
friends turned out to the funeral ser-
vice, which was conducted by Ensign
Cooper, from Springhill, assisted by
Capt. Smith, Lieut. Strothard, and
Cand. Simmons.

At the memorial service on Sunday
night there was deep conviction, and
we believe his death will be the means
of saving many souls. May God grant
it.—Capt. N. Smith.

GONE TO HEAVEN.

Campbellton.—We are sorry to have
to report the death of one of our sol-
diers, Mrs. Vineham, beloved wife of
our Sergeant-Major. She was only sick
a few days. During her illness she
found Jesus precious, and just before
she died she told us she was going to
heaven, and desired us all to meet her
there. We will miss her very much,
but our loss is heaven's gain. May
God bless and comfort his bereaved
ones.—J. L. D.

CALLED HIGHER.

Mrs. T. Calhoun, formerly Captain
Florrie Irvine, Gone Home.

On returning to the quarters on
Saturday evening, March 8th, I re-
ceived the following sad news by
wire:

"My wife died last night. Can you
come and conduct funeral on Wed-
nesday?"—T. A. Calhoun.

The reply was sent, but, oh, what
sorrow and how swift the memories
of the past swept before my mind! My
comrades and friends will remem-
ber our dear comrades, Ex-Major and
Mrs. Calhoun. I am sure the husband
and children, Frank, Laura, and Grace,
have the sympathy and prayers of all
the comrades.

Many old friends and comrades will
remember dear Mrs. Calhoun as Capt.
Florrie Irvine, who was stationed in
several places in Ontario and in New
Brunswick.

Years of faithful service were spent
in the ranks of our dear Army in
Newfoundland and different parts of
the Dominion.

Some nine years ago we parted,
after being together for fifteen months
in the Ottawa Division. Master Frank
was born in the Imperial City ten
years ago this April. I had the joy
of giving him to God.

The highest tribute I could pay to
any comrade in whom I had ample

chance to recognize the true
life and spirit of the Master, was won-
derfully fulfilled in our departed sol-
dier's character. So full of compassion
for the lost and for the poorest—the
latter she always lavished her love on.
She never was strong or robust, but
bore up in God's love wonderfully,
giving Him glory for every particle
of increasing strength.

While sad circumstances arose
causing separation for a time from
the front rank of warfare, we are glad
to know they always carried with
them good will and tenderness toward
the organization which they loved.

Bro. and Sister Calhoun, a few years
ago, moved to Wingham, Ont. I am
glad to say they have both been a help
and blessing to the local corps, of late
taking part and assisting in every way
possible. The sainted mother was
most successful in training up her
children.

The Funeral.

I arrived on Wednesday noon, Mar.
12th. The rain poured down for some
time, but cleared somewhat by 2 p.m.,
as the service at the house com-
menced. The paring scene at the
house was most touching, as her
mother, and sisters, and brothers
closed around the coffin, with the
children, and friends, to bid a tender
farewell to the one they loved so
dearly. The infant babe lay on her
arm like an angel. It soothes our sor-
row to know they both passed so
peacefully into Glory.

A Christian doctor who was in at-

was stationed at my home, but I have
never drank since."

Her life was like a flower giving out
sweet perfume. Her consecration was
a real one. She was a great
blessing to me; I shall never
forget her. The influence of her life
will live on, and many will call her
blessed. May God bless and comfort
the husband and motherless children
and bereaved family.

A BROKEN LINK.

"Down to the margin of the shadowy
river
Thy feet are pressing now;
And the bright glory from the upper
Temple
Is resting on thy brow.
Soon shall the hand that mine so oft
has folded
Sweep o'er a harp of gold;
And thy worn feet, with all thy wan-
derings ended,
Rest in the Master's fold.

And yet farewell, I will not seek to
keep thee.
But let life's fevered bands
Draw my oppressed and fainting spirit
nearer
Its house not made with hands.
And when beside my lonely hearth-
stone kneeling,
I hush my heart for prayer,
Nearer shall seem that bright celestial
city,
Because thou dwellest there."
—Bertha Lawrence.
—J. McMillivray, Adjt.

A Voice from Heaven.

(This poem was printed recently in the War Cry by special request.
Among the many readers who were touched by it was Bro. Eben Sweet, of
Truro, N.S., who was then working at Springhill. He cut it out and sent
it to his wife. Three hours later the news of his death reached her. See
report on this page.—Ed.)

I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the shadow of death my feet
have trod,

And I reign in Glory now.
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain;
No wasted cheek, where the frequent
tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joy of heaven,
I am one of its saintly band;
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath set free;
And the glorious vaults of heaven ring
With my newborn melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home
My tears are fled, my doubts all plain.
My hour of triumph come.
Oh, friends of mortal years,

The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still in the vale of
tears.
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh, no;
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts be-
low.
Till they meet and touch again.
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric chain
Darts swiftly, like a beam of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of
war
And the storms of conflict die?
Then why should your tears run down
And your heart be sorely riven
For another gem in the Saviour's
crown,
And another soul in heaven?

A Huntsville Wedding.

The Hallelujah Wedding Performed
by Major Collier.

It was nine years since we had
visited Huntsville, so we were glad to
have the opportunity of doing so again,
and of uniting two of our comrades
under the flag. Capt. Howell had an-
nounced the meeting well, and by the
time the march returned the barracks
was literally packed to the doors, in
fact the doors were left open through-
out the service, and a large crowd
stood outside. The interested parties
entered the building as the first song
was being sung. After prayer, another
song and the reading of the 23rd Psalm
the marriage service was gone through
to the satisfaction of all concerned,
and Bro. Robinson, of Gravenhurst,
and Sister McKenny, of Huntsville,
were made one. Several of the com-
rades were called upon as representa-
tive speakers, after which an earnest
appeal was made to the unsaved and
backsliders present to unite them-
selves with the "Living Vine," and
the meeting was brought to a close.
About 150 sat down to the wedding
supper at the close of the service, and
did justice to the good things provided.
Everything seems to be on the up-
grade at Huntsville, as far as the S.A.
is concerned, and Capt. Howell has
done a good work. The new band is
getting along splendidly and rendered
good service at the special gathering.
Huntsville is all right.—T. H. Collier.

Soul-Saving Troupe.

Sarnia Stirred, 61 at the Mercy Seat.

The people looked with amazement
as we marched up the street with our
long red coats and white top caps,
singing God's praises. In the first
battle three were the slain of the
Lord. Then nearly every night souls
were saved. One man who held up his
hand to be prayed for, after a while
got up to go out, and was struck down
by the power of God as if dead. He
was carried out, but shortly after-
wards returned straight to the mercy-
seat and got saved. Hallelujah! The
crowds increased until the barracks
was not large enough to hold the peo-
ple.

Our beloved leader, Major McMil-
lan, and S. C. Rawlins, also Adjt.
Coombs, the D.O., spent the last week-
end with us. The town seemed great-
ly aroused, and crowds flocked around
the open-air and came to the barracks.
On Saturday night two knelt at the
mercy-seat. Twenty-five turned out
to the love feast at 7 a.m. on Sunday,
and five came forward for the bap-
tism of the Holy Ghost. The holiness
meeting was just grand. The penitent
form was lined with penitents. It was
a beautiful sight, indeed. We had a
heart-searching time. In the afternoon
there was a great volley fired when
one of the converts who had sought
the blessing at knee-drill gave the
Major his pipe. It was wrapped up
in paper. The Major took and held it
before the crowd, then put it in the
stove, amidst cheers and laughter. The
meeting went off with a swing. One
was seen at the mercy-seat. At night
thirty-three went out to war in the
open air. The inside meeting was
packed to the door, in fact, they could
not all gain admittance. After a most
dreadful fight three prisoners were
taken. The meeting closed with a
hallelujah wind-up.

Port Huron Helps.

Monday being our last night here,
the officers of Port Huron and a num-
ber of the soldiers came over. There
were 44 on the march and 200 people
inside. It was a lively time. The
Major and Staff-Captain enrolled 14
Seniors and 10 Juniors. Number for
sanctification during the campaign 16,
for salvation 26. Juniors saved 18.
Total at the mercy-seat 61.

We had a grand meeting with the
Juniors on Saturday afternoon, with
50 present. Twelve came out to the
penitent form to give their young
hearts to the Lord. How the angels
must have rejoiced at such a sight as
that! Sarnia is a nice town, and
there are some good Soldiers and
friends here. Adjt. Scott and Capt.
Carr are in command, and are well
liked by the public. May God bless
all those that helped us in any way.
We enjoyed our visit very much in-
deed. God bless Sarnia.—W. Ore-
ard, Adjt.

Welcome to Ottawa.

Our new officers, Ensign and Mrs.
Bloss, arrived on the 11th of March,
and were given a rousing welcome by
a large turn-out of soldiers at a pri-
vate meeting. Thursday was the public
welcome, when a large crowd was
present. The local officers extended
to Ensign and Mrs. Bloss a welcome
on behalf of the corps. They happily
replied by telling of the blessings and
victories God had given them during
their term with the Harmonic Reviv-
alists. We predicted a glorious time for
them in the Imperial City.
On Sunday evening Lieut. Granger,
who has labored in our midst for 16
past ten months, farewell. The
Lieutenant has been a great inspira-
tion and blessing to our corps, and
outside friends, and a large audi-
ence was present to hear him say
good-bye. He goes on furlough and
will afterwards assist Captain Bloss at
Perth.

We rejoice to be able to report vic-
tory. Two Seniors and two Juniors
have sought salvation this week-end.
We thank God for His Divine pres-
ence, and are believing to see more
results.—A. Franch, Secretary.



The East is a Fixture—Dead Heat
Between Arab and Nigger—The
North-West Lager Has Been
Rushed—Good Old
Currell!

It's no good! You can't down the
East. They're at the top to stay.

Here's a go! The Central and West
Ontario are striving for the mastery.

The fighting blood of Arab will as-
sert itself, you see.

It's done, sure as taxes! Newfoundland
has rushed Brigadier Southall's
lager. All his guns and ammunition
captured!

Does our dear friend Southall blame
it on the mules? Did they stampede?

It wouldn't surprise me if Brigadier
Smetton, fresh from his victory over
the Winnipeg brigade, rushed the
Montreal lager.

Lieut. Currell does the 300 trick
again. The other boomers are any-
where.

Our other champion hustlers are all
from the East. What a splendid coun-
try that is!

Eastern Province.

116 Hustlers.

Capt. Hawbold, Yarmouth	230
Lieut. March, St. John I.	230
Adj. Wiggins, New Glasgow	200
Capt. Laws, Sydney	200
Lieut. Thistle, Halifax I.	105
Capt. Clark, Hamilton	150
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Halifax I.	150
Ensign Thompson, Westville	150
Capt. Payne, Somerset	130
Capt. Smith, Truro	130
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	120
Sergt. Lidston, Glace Bay	115
Mrs. Adj. Crichton, Charlotte- town	114
Cadet White, Eastport	110
Lieut. Lehans, Charlottetown	108
Lieut. White, Summerside	108
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	100
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	100
Cadet-Lieut. Newell, Carleton	95
Capt. Prince, St. George's	90
Lieut. Holden, Halifax I.	90
Sergt. Chambers, Glace Bay	85
Lieut. Weakley, Sydney Mines	85
Capt. Clark, Fredericton	75
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Louisburg	70
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	70
Cond. Thompson, Charlottetown	70
Lieut. Rudland, Houlton	70
P. S. M. Larder, Windsor	70
Cadet Cavender, Campbellton	70
Lieut. Riley, St. John I.	65
Lieut. Murthoigh, New Glasgow	65
Ensign Allen, Woodstock	60
Lieut. Meikle, Springhill	60
Cadet-Lieut. McKerny, Amherst	60
Sergt. Gault, Glace Bay	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Capt. Forsey, Liverpool	55
Cadet Logie, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Tiller, Hillsboro	55
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John I.	50
Ensign Knight, St. John I.	50
Sergt. Peckwood, St. George's	50
Lieut. Murthoigh, Kentville	50
J. Ford, New Glasgow	50
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Sergt. Rowe, Fredericton	50
Capt. Nettling, Sydney Mines	50
Capt. Hudson, St. John I.	45
Capt. Davis, Sussex	45
Lieut. Kenny, Sussex	45
Capt. Green, Hamilton	45
Sergt. Place, Hamilton	45
Cadet Crossman, Canning	45
Cadet Brace, Annapolis	45
Lieut. DeBow, Halifax I.	40
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	40
Lieut. Parsons, Chatham	40
Lieut. Fawson, Parrsboro	30

Bro. Jennings, St. George's	38
S. M. Chislett, North Sydney	37
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	36
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	35
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	35
Capt. Lamont, St. John V.	35
Sergt. Kelly, St. George's	35
Mrs. Ensign Carleton, Dartmouth	35
Cadet Haugen, Moncton	35
M. James, Woodstock	32
Capt. Armstrong, Fairville	30
Capt. Cowan, St. John I.	30
Cadet-Lieut. Ogilvie, St. John V.	30
May Turner, St. John V.	30
Sergt. Gibbons, St. George's	30
Ensign Carter, Hamilton	30
Sergt. McDowd, Dartmouth	30
Adj. Byers, Moncton	30
Capt. Wray, Kentville	30
Lieut. Harding, Stellarton	30
Cadet-Lieut. Conrad, Stellarton	30
Sergt. Smith, Glace Bay	30
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Lodge, Hamilton	30
Capt. Bell, Freeport	30
Lieut. White, Digby	30
Mrs. Marshall, Digby	30
Sergt. Douglas, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25
Sergt. Lodge, Hamilton	25
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	25
Lieut. McKim, Halifax I.	25
P. S. M. Lovely, Parrsboro	25
Capt. Batem, Lunenburg	25
Cond. Burrows, Yarmouth	25
Lieut. Hamilton, Fairville	25
Sergt. Ward, Charlottetown	24
Lieut. Fraser, North Head	24
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John III.	21
M. May, Spring Hill	21
S. M. Kent, Bear River	20
Sergt. Astill, St. George's	20
Harry Jefferson, Annapolis	20
Lieut. Munroe, Lunenburg	20
Mrs. Young, Lunenburg	20
M. Dykman, Woodstock	20
Sergt. Dinale, Glace Bay	20
Sister Godsoe, Fredericton	20
Belle Somple, Fredericton	20
Capt. Graves, Clark's Harbor	20
Lieut. Nergent, Clark's Harbor	20
Capt. Euse, Digby	20
Cadet Elliott, Windsor	20
Capt. Leadly, Campbellton	20
Lieut. Richards, Bridgetown	20
Bro. Hallatt, Hampton	20

Central Ontario Province.

92 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	360
P. S. M. Bowcock, Lippincott	140
Cadet Welch, Orangeville	70
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	65
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	65
Capt. LeCocq, Hamilton I.	65
Sergt. McArthur, Temple	65
Sergt. Adams, Temple	65
Ensign Hannah, Collingwood	65
Capt. Fisher, Owen Sound	65
Capt. Wilson, Dundas	65
C. G. N. Richards, Lindsay	65
Ensign Lott, North Bay	65
Sergt.-Major Travis, Newmarket	65
Bro. Moffit, Riverside	65
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	65
P. S. M. Stewart, Lisgar St.	65
Mrs. Sims, Lisgar St.	65
Lieut. Porter, Midland	65
P. S. M. Small, St. Catharines	65
Adj. Walker, St. Catharines	65
Ensign Sherwin, Bowmanville	65
Lieut. Shepherd, Bowmanville	65
Capt. Clinik, Sudbury	65
Capt. Stephens, Meaford	65
Lieut. Phillips, Meaford	65
Ensign Stalger, Owen Sound	65
Bro. Furook, Barrie	65
Capt. Parker, Lippincott	65
C. C. Edle Cornell, Lindsay	65
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	65
Capt. Matthews, Burk's Falls	65
Capt. Rose, Oakville	65
Lieut. Smith, Orillia	65
Mrs. Howell, Huntsville	65
Capt. Cornish, Tversburg	65
Capt. Stollner, Riverside	65
Capt. Stephens, Sturgeon Falls	65
Lieut. Ingo, Sturgeon Falls	65
Lieut. Qualie, Huron St.	65
Lieut. Greavott, Aurora	65
Mrs. Ensign Hanna, Collingwood	65
Capt. Culbert, Dundas	65
Sergt. Fletcher, Orillia	65
Sergt. Boulton, Temple	65
Lizzie Bradley, Temple	65
Capt. Crego, North Bay	65
Capt. Mrs. Small, St. Catharines	65
Mrs. Adj. Burrows, Barrie	65
Sergt. Mrs. Tucker, Lippincott	65

Lieut. Porter, Fenslon Falls	29
Capt. Brookes, Gravenhurst	28
Mrs. A. Sager, Barrie	28
Sergt. Jago, Barrie	27
Lieut. Stickells, Gravenhurst	27
Capt. Nelson, Feversham	25
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Lisgar St.	25
Capt. Capper, Brampton	25
Lieut. Peacock, Brampton	25
Lieut. Wilson, Bracebridge	25
Capt. Rennie, Bracebridge	25
Capt. Hart, Parry Sound	25
Capt. Carwardine, Chesley	25
Lieut. Lamb, Chesley	25
Louie Coy, Hamilton I.	25
C. C. Gerow, Burk's Falls	25
Bro. J. Carr, Huron St.	25
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	25
Lieut. Marshall, Brooklyn	25
Sergt. Alma Cook, Lisgar St.	23
P. S. M. Stacey, Temple	23
Sergt. McCheaney, Collingwood	22
Adj. Sims, Lisgar St.	21
Maui White, Fenslon Falls	20
Sister A. Clark, Lippincott	20
Ensign Smith, Fenslon Falls	20
P. S. M. McHenry, Lisgar St.	20
Sergt. Phillips, Lisgar St.	20
Howard Proctor, Aurora	20
Sergt. Mrs. Stacey, Temple	20
Father Dixon, Temple	20
Harry Walker, St. Catharines	20
P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St.	20
Howard Proctor, Aurora	20
P. S. M. Stunden, Bracebridge	20
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Treas. Miller, Bracebridge	20
Capt. LeCocq, Hamilton I.	20
Leat. Griffith, Newmarket	20
Howard Proctor, Aurora	20
Capt. Meeks, Norland	20
Pro-Lieut. Williams, Kinnmount	20

West Ontario Province.

92 Hustlers.

Capt. Hockin, London	180
Mrs. Ensign Hocking, Windsor	100
Capt. White, Ingersoll	137
Lieut. Hinsley, Guelph	137
Ensign Crawford, Stratford	115
Adj. Cameron, Brantford	108
Lieut. West, Windsor	100
P. S. M. Huffman, Woodstock	100
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	90
Lieut. McColl, Berlin	82
Sister Thompson, Wallaceburg	80
Mrs. Burton, Galt	80
Capt. Gooding, Galt	80
Sister Scott, Sarnia	80
Lieut. Cook, Strathroy	75
Capt. Fyfe, Goderich	75
Lieut. Close, Goderich	75
Mrs. McMillan, London	75
Lieut. Carr, Windsor	75
Mrs. Ensign Slote, Woodstock	75
Capt. Barner, Bothwell	75
Capt. Crawford, Simcoe	70
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	65
Maggie Chatterton, Brantford	65
Sister Horvett, Ingersoll	60
Capt. Greenhills, Brantford	60
Mrs. Coy, Leamington	60
Capt. Williams, Clinton	58
Mabel Clark, St. Thomas	58
Capt. Horwood, Guelph	58
Ensign Hallman, Petrolia	58
Ensign Howcroft, St. Thomas	58
Lieut. Anderson, Wingham	58
Bro. Auld, Wingham	58
Mary Schuster, Berlin	50
Capt. Brad, Sarnia	50
Capt. Kitchen, Seaford	50
Lieut. Yeomans, Seaford	50
Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia	50
C. C. Verna Crafts, Chatham	50
Sergt. Palmer, London	45
Adj. McMillan, London	45
Mrs. Kerswell, London	45
Mrs. Ensign Huntington, Ridge- town	42
P. S. M. Glover, Dresden	42
Mrs. Lindsay, Strathroy	42
Mrs. Capt. White, Ingersoll	40
Capt. Pattenden, Wallaceburg	40
Capt. White, Hespeler	40
Mrs. Darling, Listowel	40
Nattie Gordon, Paris	40
Mrs. Adj. Crego, Brantford	40
Lieut. Murray, Thedford	40
Ina Groom, Blenheim	35
Capt. Young, Watford	35
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	35
Capt. Knacko, Clinton	35
Mrs. Carrige, Brantford	35
Mrs. Adj. Crego, Petrolia	35
Ensign Slote, Woodstock	35
Mary Wilson, Simcoe	30
Sergt. H. Stowbridge, Petrolia	30
Capt. Coy, Leamington	30
Capt. Greenwood, Blenheim	30
James Fletcher, Stratford	30
Capt. Yeomans, St. Thomas	29
Mrs. Dr. Green, Brantford	29
Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Essex	29
Maggie Cutting, Essex	25
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	25
Chas. Christian, Dresden	25
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	21

Sister Leather, Stratford	21
S. M. McDougall, Goderich	20
Capt. Rock, Paris	20
Sister Shepherd, Drayton	20
Capt. Harman, Drayton	20
George Yeack, Windsor	20
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hocking, St. Thomas	20
C. C. Pearson, Woodstock	20
C. C. Reynolds, Woodstock	20
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	20
Ensign Hunting, Ridgeway	20
Mabel Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Capt. Bonny, Listowel	20
S. M. Tremaine, Listowel	20
Adj. Coombs, Petrolia	20
S. M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Mother Broadway, Kingsville	20
Bro. Musgrave, Wrexeter	20

East Ontario Province.

57 Hustlers.

Capt. Hickman, Picton	170
Capt. Woods, St. Albans	155
Lieut. Gralinger, Ottawa	142
P. S. M. Dady, Montreal I.	112
Sergt. Chugg, Ottawa	100
Ensign Hutt, Burlington	100
Capt. Thompson, Newport	95
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	95
Lieut. Greenlades, Trenton	95
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	95
Adj. McNamara, Kingston	95
Lieut. Owens, Pembroke	95
Ensign Comstock, Belleville	65
Lieut. Stata, Belleville	65
Lieut. Hall, Quebec	65
Capt. Ash, Ogdensburg	60
Capt. Green, Deseronto	60
Capt. Liddell, Amurpior	60
Lieut. Bryan, Amurpior	60
Homor Prim, St. Johnsbury	60
Sergt. Welch, Burlington	60
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	60
S. M. Harbour, Ottawa	60
Capt. Crego, Gananoque	50
Capt. Newell, Gananoque	50
Barber, Kingston	50
Sergt. Wright, Montreal I.	50
Sergt. Wilkie, St. Johnsbury	50
S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	45
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	45
Leat. Carpenter, Ogdensburg	40
Capt. Crego, St. Johnsbury	40
Ensign Norman, Tweed	35
Mrs. Perry, Kingston	35
Mrs. Countryman, Kingston	35
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I.	35
Alex. Potts, Belleville	35
Sergt. Wright, Montreal I.	30
Mrs. Ensign Norman, Tweed	30
Sergt. Moon, Tweed	30
Cadet Boyd, Lougong	30
M. Yake, St. Johnsbury	30
Mrs. Rice, Montreal I.	25
Sister Parker, Montreal I.	25
John Walton, Kingston	25
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	25
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	25
Sergt. Wilcox, Montreal I.	25
Sister Croy, Kingston	25
Sergt. Vaucour, Montreal I.	22
Ida Cornell, Belleville	22
Sister Duncan, Montreal I.	20
Sister Pittman, Montreal I.	20
Bro. Martin, Ogdensburg	20
Dad Duque, Trenton	20
Lieut. Rutledge, Cobourg	20

Newfoundland Province.

53 Hustlers.

Sergt.-Major Ebbsay, St. John's I.	115
Capt. M. James, St. John's I.	60
Mrs. Adj. Fraser, St. John's I.	60
P. S. M. Newman, Twilligate	55
Sergt. Blackmore, Pilley's Island	45
Cadet Lovelass, St. John's I.	45
Cadet Metcalf, St. John's I.	45
Elita Rose, Grand Bank	42
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I.	40
Lieut. Smith, Bay Roberts	40
Mrs. Ensign Haddock, Bay Roberts	35
Sergt. Evans, Hants Harbor	32
Mrs. Snocks, Carbonear	32
Sergt.-Major Ridout, Tilt Cove	31
Lieut. Matthews, Bonavista	31
Jane Taylor, Carbonear	30
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank	29
S. M. Ridout, Tilt Cove	29
Jane Ash, Harbor Grace	28
Sergt. Mrs. Barrett, St. John's I.	28
Lieut. Shute, Clark's Beach	26
Capt. Sheppard, Clark's Beach	25
J. S. S. M. Adey, Clarenville	25
Sergt. H. Stowbridge, St. John's I.	23
Sergt. Crocker, Heart's Delight	23
Sergt. Honehan, Musgravetown	22
Sergt. M. Cole, Carbonear	22
Sergt. Carter, St. John's I.	20

Sergt. S. Manuel	20
Cadet W. Conneck	20
Cadet G. Jones	20
Lieut. Mercer, St. S. M. Green, Arno	20
S. M. Seward	20
John Temple, Arno	20
Lieut. Wiltshire, P. S. M. White, L.	20
Sergt. T. Sainsbury	20
Capt. Burry, Burin	20
Alice Chapman, L.	20
Thomas Harlick, G.	20
Sergt. Alice Abbott	20
Lieut. A. Skinner	20
Sergt. Collins, G.	20

North-West

51 Hustlers.

Sergt. Livermore	20
Lieut. Fersberg, W.	20
Lieut. Serris, Rat	20
Sergt. Taylor, Wm	20
Capt. Blodgett, Jan	20
Capt. Brandser, D.	20
Capt. Haskirk, Me	20
Capt. Pearce, Moo	20
Lieut. Bagdahl, Po	20
Mrs. Jones, Winstap	20
Mrs. Capt. Taylor	20
Prairie	20
Mrs. Ensign Wm	20
Cadet Miller, Gra	20
Mrs. Capt. Gillan	20
Lieut. Gamble, Ca	20
Capt. Gerrard, Port	20
Lieut. Irwin, Sour	20
Lieut. Nuttall, Ed	20
Sister Thompson	20
Ensign Wynn, Bran	20
Lieut. Paystern, Br	20
Ensign Collett, Rat	20
Lieut. Fleming, Gra	20
Lieut. Crozier, Gra	20
Capt. Mercer, Port	20
Ensign A. Hayes, E	20
Capt. Cook, Carm	20
Lieut. Scott, Regina	20
Cand. Stickley, Da	20
Lieut. Custer, Moor	20
Bro. McCurdy, Farg	20
Lieut. Russell, Farg	20
Capt. Haugen, Gar	20
Capt. Glover, Moor	20
Capt. Livingston, N	20
Capt. Kommir, Blen	20
Capt. McKay, Farg	20
Capt. Myers, Prince	20
Cadet Minear, Min	20
Lieut. Kearns, Emer	20
Adj. Hayes, Lettbr	20
Mrs. Montgomery, W	20
Capt. Taylor, Portag	20

fectly clean, and the stockings should be changed every day, being allowed to air one day, when they may be worn again. Three changes a week are none too many for cleanliness and warmth. Cork soles are useful.



For Parents, Relations and Friends:
We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE BOOTH, 16 Albion Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.
Others, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column, to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information.

(First Insertion.)

3931. WOODS, WILLIAM JOHN.
Age about 35, dark hair. Parents' names Daniel and Margaret Woods. William was adopted by a family (name unknown) at Shediac or Butoche, N.S., when quite young. Sister has heard since that he was at Boston, Mass. Sister enquires.

3932. HAMMOND, D. J. Aged 24, height 5 ft. 8 in., fair complexion. Last heard of at Hospital, Port Arthur, Ont. Mother enquires.

(Second Insertion.)

3922. PATTERSON, WM. J. Accountant, height 5 ft. 3 in., dark blue eyes. Last heard of from Helena, Mont., six years ago. Wife enquires.

3927. JAMES SMITH SHIACH, or JAMES SMITH. Left England for British Columbia three and a-half years ago. 29 years of age, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair, blue-grey eyes, fair complexion. Last heard from c.o. Adams House, Kalso, B.C., and was then talking of going to the mountains in search of gold.

3928. BLANDFORD, SARAH. Left Herring Neck, Nfld., fourteen years ago. Lived for some time at 239 Germain St., St. John, N.B.; last heard from four years ago; was then still at St. John. Aged about 40, dark hair. Sister enquires.

3930. BOULTER, GEORGE. Lumberman, aged 27, height about 6 ft., fair complexion, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Goulais Bay, Algoma. In March, 1900. Sister enquires.

3926. BROWN, ARTHUR ERNEST.
Age 27, height 5 ft. 9 in., dark hair,
blue eyes, teeth defective, left
elbow deformed from an in-
jury received in early life.

Left Montreal five years ago, was last heard of in Valley, Stevens County, Washington Territory. Is supposed to have sailed from San Francisco to South Africa in November, 1899. Father enquires.

3924. JOHNSTON, WILLIAM
JOHN. Native of Ireland. Left Chat-
ham, Ont., nine years ago for Cohoes,
New York, where his wife is supposed
to be living at present. 56 years of
age, height 5 ft. 10 in., light hair,
slightly bald. It will be to William's
advantage to write the above address,
as his brother Stephen, who is dead,
has left some property for him.

LEGACIES

Notice to Friends who are about to make
their Wills, and desire to help the
work of the Salvation Army.

THE good intentions of some friends have been made useless in consequence of their WILLS not being in conformity with the law relating to testamentary bequests. The following course of action is therefore recommended: 1. If the property of a Testator desiring to bequeath the fund consists of Money, or Foreign Bonds, Canal Shares, Cash, or Shares in Trading Companies, Consols, Loans to Municipal Corporations, Debentures, Shares in Gas, Electric Light or Power, Water, or Industrial Companies, Marine Telegraph Shares, and Shares in Mines, or similar kinds of property, and the

"I give DEVER and SEQUATH to COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, or other the Commissioner or Chief Officer for the time being of THE SALVATION ARMY in the Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America, the said DEVER and SEQUATH, to be used or applied by her or him at her or his discretion for the general purposes of the said Salvation Army in the said Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America."

Directions for Execution of Will.

The Will must be executed by the testator in the presence of two witnesses, who must both be present together when he or she signs it, and who must sign their names, addresses and occupations, and who must sign the Will in the presence of the testator. The method to adopt, for a Testator to be quite sure that his Will is executed properly, is for him to take the Will and tell the witnesses that he wishes to make a Will, and then to sign the Will. Then they sign the Will in each other's presence, and list some of the things they own which they have all signed.

After the Will is signed, the testator should procure full and complete service for any friends desiring to benefit the Army by Will or otherwise, and will treat any communications made to her on the subject as confidential.

Letters addressed with the subject should be marked private and sent to the nearest post office, and should be sent to COMMISSARIES B. C. SMITH, S. A. Temple, Albany, N. Y.

15

fectly clean, and the stockings should be changed every day, being allowed to air one day, when they may be worn again. Three changes a week are none too many for cleanliness and warmth. Cork soles are useful.

North-West Province

Extremes Perseparation.—Just before retiring at night, take a hot and cold foot bath, dipping the feet first in cold water, then in hot, allowing them to remain in each for about one-half hour, and repeat the operation three, five, or twenty times. The rub with a soft towel, and when dry rub with sublimate of bismuth, using two heaping tablespoonsful.

Burning Feet.—Bathe the feet night and morning with tepid water, and which is followed by a dry towel. When nearly dry, dust freely over them a powder composed of one part of salicylic acid and sixteen parts of powdered alum. If the burning is especially troublesome at night, dip the feet in water for fifteen minutes before applying the powder. The feet may be covered with a cloth soaked in cold water as a good palliative.

Cold Feet.—Cold feet are due to deficient circulation. Administer this alternate hot-and-cold foot bath as directed for chilblains several times a day. Wear large, thin boots or shoes, and use warm stockings and socks on the feet dry. Exercise. Allow no constriction about the limbs, as garters or elastic. Clothe the upper portions of the limbs warmly. Do not wear rubbers, except for a little while at a time, when necessary. Electric and galvanic currents may be used, however. The feet should be kept neat.

J. S. PRIZES

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BAND OF LOVE

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Corns.—These are produced by a morbid growth of the skin. They are caused either by friction or by pressure, and are usually the result of wearing a tight and otherwise ill-fitting boot or shoe. Corns are not always produced by tight shoes or boots, being often occasioned by the friction of loosely fitted footwear. There are two varieties of corn, hard and soft. Hard corns are formed upon the outside of the toe; soft corns are produced between the toes.

To cure a corn, the first thing to be done is to soften it. To accomplish this, soak the feet in hot water for one hour every night and then apply a cloth saturated with a strong solution of salutarin. Continue this treatment for four or five days, and then remove the corn with a thumb, sharp-bladed knife, carefully working the instrument between the corn and the healthy skin beneath. If the whole corn has been removed, all that now remains to be done is to protect the part from pressure. This may be very easily accomplished by placing a small piece of cotton wadding in which an opening has been made of the exact size of the corn, which should be

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Original Salvation Songs.

WONDERFUL LOVE.

By A. A. WHITTEKER.

Tune—Wonderful Joy (B. J. 229).

There's a love that is high as the
Heaven above
Deeper than the unfathomable
sea.

For it flows from the heart of the
Saviour of men,
And his waters have reached even
me.

Chorus—Joy, joy, wonderful joy!

I was once far away on the mountain
of sin,
And was lost in the wilderness wild,
But the Lord in His mercy came seek-
ing for me

And His love took me in as His
child.

First He pardoned my sins, and He
then gave me joy.
Such a joy that I cannot express.
Then He saved me and cleansed me
from all inbred sin.

And He fitted me with His righte-
ousness.

I am lost in amazement to think of
this love,
Of the love that gave Jesus to die,
To save such a rebel and snatch me
from hell.

And fit me for mansions on high.

All the pleasures of earth fade away
like a mist,
When the flame of this love fills the
soul.

For the bliss of the sanctified ever
shall last
While the years of eternity roll.

Let me soar above earth and its
transient delights,
Let me rise upon wings like a dove,
And bask in the sunshine of love so
divine.

THU I enter the Kingdom of Love.

PRECIOUS JESUS.

By Lieut. S. FRENCH, Newfoundland.

Tune—Always Cheerful (B. J. 43).

Precious Jesus, friend of sinners,
Thou alone canst pardon sin;
Cleanse the heart from all corrup-
tion,
Purify and keep it clean.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me.
Long my heart has sighed for comfort,
Yearning for this precious rest,
But when leaning on His bosom,
And obeying, I was blest.

Jesus is my sweetest treasure,
Peace and joy in Him I find,
All my life is at His service,
Self and sin I've left behind.

FIGHTING ON.

CAPTAIN MAY LANG.

Tune—A robe of white (B. J. 5)

Fighting on in the strength of
God,
Fighting on, fighting on,
Telling of Jesus' love abroad,
Fighting, fighting on.

Chorus.

A peace we have, a joy untold,
Because we have been saved from
sin,
A Saviour's love that can't be told,
With Him we're sure to win.
For Jesus is our Saviour, He's washed
our sins away.

Paid our debt on Calvary's moun-
tain,
We're happy in His dying love, sing-
ing all the day,
We're living, yes, we're living, in
the fountain.

Fighting on, 'neath the red and blue,
Fighting on, fighting on;
Fighting for Him who keeps us true,
Fighting, fighting on.

Fighting away in foreign lands,
Fighting on, fighting on,
Away on India's burning sands,
Fighting, fighting on.

I'LL NEVER GO BACK.

By LIEUT. S. MORGAN, Newfound-

land.
Tune—They never came back.

Once I wandered far from God,
No peace had I within.
I sought for rest and happiness,
But ah, I sought in vain.

But when I came to Christ my Lord,
He filled my soul with joy.
He gave me peace and happiness
That nothing can destroy.

Chorus.

I'll never go back, I'll never go back,
To sin and the devil again.
For God I will fight, I know I am
right.

Then in heaven with Him I shall
reign.

And now I'll live for God alone,
Since He has set me free,
To do His blessed holy will
My highest aim shall be.

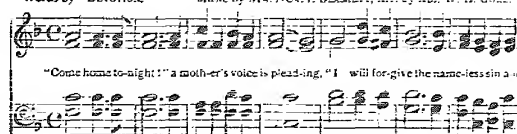
Then when this life down here is o'er,
Mid shouts of glory I'll go home
To hear the glad "Well done."

Oh, sinner, come to Jesus now,
No longer from Him stay.
The precious blood of Christ still flows
To wash your sins away.

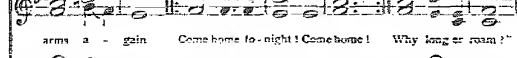
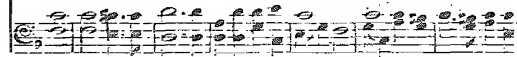
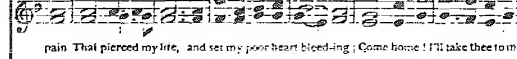
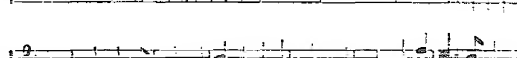
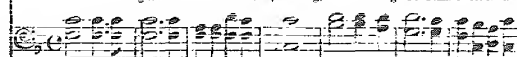
"COME HOME TO-NIGHT!"

Words by "Devotion."

Music by STAFF-CAPT. BLANKETT, Arr. by ADJ. W. H. GORE.



"Come home to-night!" a mother's voice is pleading, "I will forgive the nameless sin in a"



arms a gain. Come home to-night! Come home! Why long or roam?"

"Come home to-night, dear one! Where dost thou linger?
No matter what the nature of thy sin;
Long have I prayed that some heaven-pointing finger
May touch thee, and thy life to Jesus win.

Come home to-night! Come home!
Where dost thou roam?"

"Come home to-night! Mine eyes are red with weeping:
My hair is white as snow, for I am old;
I have committed thee to Jesus' keeping,
And know He'll lead thee to the gates of gold.

Come home to-night! Come home!
No longer roam!"

"Come home to-night! Though far thy feet may wander
Down paths of sin, amid Doubt's thundering blast,
God will receive my prayers for thee, and yonder
In heaven I'll meet thee face to face at last.

Then 'twill be 'home, sweet home'—
No more to roam."

No longer spurn His offered grace,
But hasten to be free,
Picture now beneath the crimson flow,
And claim the victory.

HASTE TO THE FOUNTAIN.

By J. BELLAMY, London, Ont.

Tune—Jim Blake, the engineer; or,
White do you journey, my bro-
ther? (B. J. 171).

Come to the sin-cleansing foun-
tain,
Come now with thy burden of
grief.

Come, bury thy sins 'neath its waters,
Tis there you will find a relief.

Chorus.

Then haste, oh, haste to the fountain,
There's pardon and mercy for thee,
For Jesus is waiting to save you,
In mercy He's pleading with thee.

Come just as you are to the fountain,
For Jesus is calling you now,
He says though your sins be as scarlet
He'll wash them as white as the
snow.

WE'LL STICK TO THE ARMY, LADS

By JOHN HOILE, I. S. S.-M. Hunts-

ville, Ont.
Tune—The ship I love.

The Gospel ship has stood the
wrack of many an angry blast,
Our dear old Army stirred and
spurred by many a Judas kiss.

But still our Captain we'll obey, as
He command has given,
We'll stick to the ship, my lads,
Through every gale she's driven.

Be true to God, be true; be true to
God, be true.

Chorus.

We'll stick to the Army, lads; some
may live at ease,
We'll stem the storm, my lads, Jesus
alone will please.

For the lost on every shore, lifeboat
speeding true:

Ready? Yes, Lord, every time, to
duty do.

Divisions many she has staved,
The deepest hate and scorn,
The purging of our ranks has left the
bravest and the strong;

So on we go to do the will of God our
Father true.

We'll stick for aye to the Army, lads,
The yellow, red, and blue;
Be true to God, be true; be true to
God, be true.

The lost to save our lives we'll give,
our pension it is true,
For those who houses, lands do leave
shall have a hundred more;

The gale our timbers staunch may
strain, but sink we never can,
We'll stem the storm and stick to the
ship, yes, Lord, to the weakest
man.

Be true to God, be true; be true to
God, be true.

Holiness, the flag we fly, 'tis nailed to
the masthead strong,
God's love inspires our hearts to save
and bless the needy throng,

And Jesus bids the crew to do their
duty well and sure,
To save the lost, bring shipwrecked
souls to the heavenly harbor
pure.

Be true to God, be true; be true to
God, be true.

Our officers, Locals, soldiers, all, fall
members man the ship,
Our Captain, Jesus, orders gives, we'll
gladly hoist our ship.

Through raging main or sea of sin to
rescue give the lost
So we'll stick to the ship for aye, my
lads, and never leave our post.

Be true to God, be true; be true to
God, be true.

COME TO-DAY.

By CAPT. M. LANG.

Tune—Better World (B. J. 11).

Oh! sinner, hear the Saviour call,
Come to-day, come to-day;
And at this moment yield your all,
Come to-day, come to-day.

Your many sins He will forgive,
He'll pardon all, and bid you live,
True peace and joy to you He'll give,
Come to-day, come to-day.

For you He died upon the tree,
Come to-day, come to-day;
That you might be from sin set free,
Come to-day, come to-day.

Why now refuse His love and say
You'll come to Him some other day?
When time is passing fast away,
Come to-day, come to-day.

Oh! sinner, once again I plead
Come to-day, come to-day;
To Jesus, as He calls, give heed,
Come to-day, come to-day.

How sad when heaven's gates are
closed,
How sad to knock and be refused,
Because you did not Jesus choose,
Come to-day, come to-day.

Coming Events.

COL. AND MRS. JACOBS

will visit

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Spiritual Specials.

STAFF-CAPT. BURDITT AND CAPT.
URQUHART

Will visit Bracebridge, Thurs. April
19, to Mon., April 21.

West Ontario Province.

MAJOR McMILLAN

Will visit London, Sat., Sun., and
Mon., April 12, 13, 14.

Central Ontario Province.

TRAINING HOME STAFF.

Women Cadets, under the direction
of Ensign Brehaut, will visit Yorkville,
Sun., April 12.

Men Cadets, under the direction of
Capt. Trickey, will visit Huron St.,
Sun., April 13.

Cadets, under the direction of Staff-
Capt. Glasgow, will visit Riverdale,
Sun., April 20.